

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

MR. MARTIN FOX, president of the International Moulders' Union, which has recently been in session in Toronto, is credited with the expression of an opinion that the trades unions of Great Britain are irresponsible bodies which cannot be sued for damages. This interview, which has not been repudiated, is doubtless the wish as well as the belief of those who have the management of labor organizations. That such is the case brings heart-sickness to the real friends of labor. Until labor unions are responsible in law for everything they do, they have no right to exist. Anything powerful and able to disturb the conditions of a community which cannot be called to account in a court of law cannot be practically considered as much superior to brigandage. I am aware that I hold very advanced views on this particular point, views urged in advance of the decisions made by the House of Lords in England which have imperilled the existence of unionism in the Empire. I have hoped against hope that the unions would organize themselves into responsible associations capable of directing industrial operations and being responsible to employers for the skill, industry and sobriety of their members. That a man so prominent as Mr. Martin Fox eludes the issue and claims that trades unionism amongst wage-workers in Great Britain "is a religion"—think of it! a "religion," not a commercial proposition—is enough to make anyone looking for the uplifting of craftsman thoroughly discouraged. Without responsibility trades unionists cannot be considered as organized for anything but absolutely selfish purposes, willing to resort to intimidation, violence or disturbances of all sorts in order to obtain their ends. That this sort of "religion" is bad for the community, destructive of the morals and progress of those who engage in it, and ultimately disastrous to the wage-workers who use the methods in vogue prior to civilized and legalized organizations for the public good, cannot for a moment be doubted. The labor unions which refuse to become responsible bodies are resisting the whole tide of civilization and opposing themselves to that fair and equitable organization of those who work and those who plan, which would make it not only possible, but easy, for all classes to live in harmony.

The idea of unionism becoming a "religion" is exceedingly dangerous. Nothing has so disturbed communities as sectarianism in religion, and for a basis of industrial sectarianism to become a "religion," in some queer sort of a way, is enough to frighten us all into opposition to these irrational and irresponsible bodies. The labor unions may condemn me as they like for this strong statement of belief; it matters nothing, but they will never have the influence they deserve until they assume the responsibility which is theirs. It may be, as Mr. Martin Fox has said, that owing to the number of workmen they can make the laws. It is quite possible that they have influence enough at the ballot boxes to change every law which protects the employer and which is intended to prevent boycotts, strikes and disorderly combinations. This is not the question. The basis of the whole matter is what is RIGHT. If the employers have to pay the wages and work under the orders of the men, who must be compensated if injured, the men should give some guarantee in return for continued service, proper conduct and skill in the craft. We may rest assured that no jug-handled arrangement such as the trades unions are now insisting upon can last; it is good for nobody concerned. Without responsibility workmen will always be workmen, mostly concerned to get their wages rather than to properly perform the task for which they hope to be paid the highest possible price. The whole basis of popular government is the division of responsibility so that it may rest upon the shoulders of all alike. In industrial matters the same order of nature must be followed, though men like Mr. Martin Fox may hope to evade the issue and leave the employers to do all the thinking, all the paying, bear all the responsibility, and submit to the dictation of those who evade every duty of the commercial community and have nothing to urge in their own behalf except that they are large consumers, numerous voters, and the slaves of not so much of their employers, but of their organizations.

MR. JOHN CHARLTON, M.P., while on his way from Ottawa to his home at Lynedoch, said that the absence of the Ministers from the Capital "left the stenographer in charge of everything." Mr. Charlton has a habit of saying things which express an idea rather than a condition, and for that reason is rather a dangerous man. "The stenographer"—by this I suppose is meant the secretaries of the Ministers—is generally in charge. The man who meets you when you go to see one of the Cabinet Ministers is to a great extent the judge who decides whether you ought to be admitted into the inner room. He practically answers the letter that you send to the one who is presumed to be in charge of the department, and really bears much of the burden which the busy member of the Government is supposed to carry. It may be that in the summer time the stenographer is somewhat more important than usual, but at no time can his importance be underrated. In a big railway office the private secretary is carefully watched and his work sharply scrutinized. He comes when he is sent for and goes when his chief indicates that his absence is necessary. In the public service, however, where there is so general an effort to evade work and responsibility, he is relied upon for a great deal of work for which he is unfit. It is a strange thing that it is easier to have an interview of an hour or two with the manager or the head of a department of a big railroad company than to obtain a five minutes' talk with a Minister of the Crown, even in so democratic a country as Canada. The reason is not far to seek. The railroad man is not concerned with politics, but devotes his time to business. The Cabinet Minister is concerned with politics and business is a side issue. Unconsciously Mr. Charlton has indicated a reform which is so large in its meaning that it will mean a reorganization of our entire system—a reorganization which will place politics in one category and the transaction of public business in another.

The tax rate for next year has been declared, and in addition to 10.5 mills, there is 87 cents on each thousand dollars of assessment to cover the matters in dispute between the City Council and the School Board. This brings up the tax to nearly half a mill over two per cent, the highest rate on record. Much of our heavy tax rate is owing to foolish expenditures in the past, but this excessive taxation reaches the phenomenal rate owing to the fool conduct of the Mayor, the aldermen and the school trustees. Every ratepayer who groans should contribute something of a groan to those who have caused it. Meanwhile those who should be at work are asleep and things necessary to the city's good are safely packed away under the bed.

The Dominion Alliance and its Ontario branch, together with the Temperance Legislation League, a radical organization which made its appearance by clamoring for admission, was opened by an address by President McKay of the Ontario section. The weather is too warm to discuss much of the hot material presented in the

opening speech. The president said, "Ours should be the spirit of the negro who said, 'If God bid us leap through a stone wall I will leap and leave the result with God.'" It is doubtful if God ever bade anyone to leap through a stone wall, and it is still more doubtful if anyone nowadays would be able to distinguish the Divine voice if any such command went whispering through the air. People are too apt to hear God's voice when they are listening to nothing but their own impulses, prejudices or fanaticism. Such sayings make reasonable people tired, and they are apt to alienate from the Alliance those who do not feel like being talked to like darkeys at a camp meeting.

In France they are so intent upon either the retention or abolition of the religious schools which have refused to register according to the laws of the republic, that they are fighting about it, breaking heads, cursing one another, and the whole country is more or less torn up with street rows in which many people are being injured and large numbers have been arrested. This is very much like the man who, when nailing up the motto in his dining-room, "God bless our happy home," asserted that he intended to have a happy home if he had to do it with a club. In France the clerical party are apparently determined to have religious schools if they have to encourage the people to kill each other to get them. This country can well afford to leave religion in its sectarian sense alone if by so doing they can prevent the street riots and frightful demonstrations of superstition or prejudice which have so often made France

in the public service, as in nine out of ten cases the man made of heroic material shrinks from making himself conspicuous even by his garb?

Those who think that farmers have no troubles or anxieties, but live lives entirely independent of all disasters except those which they bring upon themselves, should for a season be responsible for a farm during either an exceedingly dry or an excessively wet period. Those passing through the country and looking upon the fields from the window of a comfortable railway coach imagine everything is lovely and peaceful because the crops look green and the orchards seem laden with fruit. To the farmer looking out of his barn door at the drizzling rain and the rotting crops, things look entirely different. The anxieties of the past few weeks in the rural districts must have been incalculable, and even with the return of sunshine and dry weather it is doubtful if throughout Ontario the damage caused by the continuous rains will be repaired to the extent of even an average crop.

Speculations as to whether there will be another provincial election before the meeting of the Legislature indicate the general feeling that neither of the political parties is numerically strong enough to carry on the government. But in the meantime government is being carried on, and probably will be until the Legislature is called together at the usual time. It is an unfortunate situation when parties are so closely matched numerically that

in case of accidents. It is an unbusinesslike proposition to pay men as if the worth of their services was being properly settled for day by day, and then create a superannuation and emergency fund outside of the primary settlement. Those who enter a service such as the army with the hope of a pension are always willing to accept less as a daily allowance than if they had to make provision for old age or accident.

The future of those left by the unfortunate firemen killed recently, and of those who may be killed later, of course has been looked after in a businesslike way and not as if the sad affair were an incident never likely to occur again. Yet there is no reason why any special class of citizens or any individuals should be expected to contribute, because it was and is the concern of all. When we view it in this light we must take into account the firemen's pay and the provision which the public should make for death by accident or inability caused by old age. When so large a matter is carefully considered by competent people acting on behalf of the public the whole matter of wages and the future can be estimated as an actuary calculates the premiums on life insurance. This is the only way to do it. The consideration of special cases and the sad sensation of being appealed to in special instances may thus be avoided. It cannot be doubted that there are special cases to which public attention is never directed, thus leaving to our discredit instances of unrewarded gallantry and painful sacrifice. Public affairs should be conducted as public matters and not be left even partially to private charity.

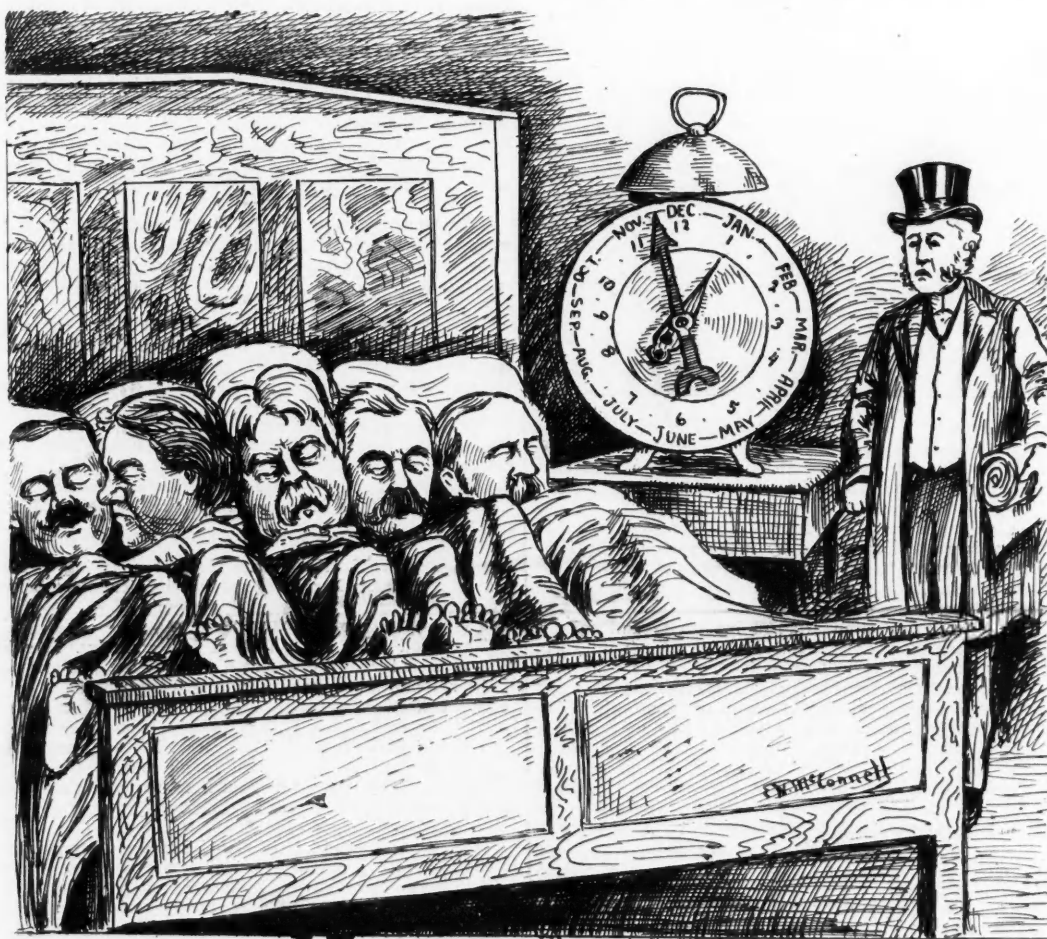
News from Ottawa states that the Government proposes to declare Saturday, August 9th—Coronation Day—a public holiday throughout Canada. This is nothing but foolishness. While everyone awaits with anxiety the recovery of the King and sincerely hopes that he will be physically in a condition to be crowned on the date named, we have discussed coronations, and newspapers have been full of coronations, and we have had coronation conferences, and coronation things of all sorts, until an enforced cessation from business will be more likely to make the thing nauseous than popular. As it happens, we shall have two holidays next week, and other cities than Toronto will have their civic blow-out on Monday. It is too bad. There is a possibility of having too much of any good thing. Let us go on with our business affairs, feeling thankful that we have a king who has been formally crowned, and that we have not been formally made to feel foolish by either obeying or disobeying a proclamation asking us to spend a day in parading or hurrahing. To have a bank holiday would be bad enough, for the numerous days on which the banks close their doors are an irritation to business men. Nevertheless, if it is necessary to show our loyalty by having a holiday of some sort, let it be of the bank variety, for it will give the hard-worked clerks a chance to either go for a little trip or to work behind locked doors catching up with their accounts.

MEXICO seems to be inclined to become a city of refuge for those who have reason for becoming fugitives. For many years it was the country to which offenders fled because of violations of the civil law. This has practically ceased and Mexico is giving up offenders of this class, though extradition proceedings are still somewhat difficult. Mormons from Utah already have very large and prosperous colonies in Mexico, their polygamous tendencies not being considered sufficiently serious to make them undesirable as citizens. Word comes that Mexico has sent agents to meet the Boers in order to induce that people to go in large numbers to Sonora and other northern states of Mexico. Mexico promises to become even a more cosmopolitan country than the United States, and its government will perhaps become less rather than more difficult owing to a virile population being scattered through some eleven or twelve millions of Spaniards, Mexicans, and those who have scarcely any European alloy but are as nearly as can be Indians of Aztec, Toltec or a much inferior origin.

The record as to suicides in the French army cannot be attributed altogether to the bad usage of the men, though in European countries the pay allowed to the victims of conscription is so small as to make any ordinary citizen of this continent kill himself rather than be made live upon it. In France the percentage of suicides is probably higher than in any other country, and this applies to civilians as well as soldiers, women as well as men. That there are so few suicides in the various armies is more to be wondered at than that there are so many. The profession of killing people naturally teaches that human life is cheap and the stoppage of it is legitimate. The soldier brought up in such a school cannot be expected to be slow in killing himself if circumstances are not pleasant. The man trained to kill others without repugnance should be expected to kill himself without the usual feeling of reluctance which restrains the majority of us when life seems unworth living. In the old lands where conscription is the rule and men are not volunteers who enter the army, this condition is naturally more prevalent than elsewhere.

The late Dr. E. H. Horsey, M.P., who met death in such an awful form at Owen Sound, was a remarkable young man, and the public life of Canada loses in him a picturesque and promising figure. His career, extending over but thirty-five years, reads like a romance. If a Kipling or a Bret Harte had encountered Dr. Horsey, he would surely have been embodied in story as a type. He had experienced as much of the vicissitudes and favors of fortune in his brief term as most men do in the course of a long life. There was no prize, political, financial or social, beyond the dream of his ambition. He had run the gamut of reverses and successes from the position of a penniless doctor, beaten in and ruined by a political contest at twenty-four, to that of a captain of industry, a polished speaker, a social success and a Member of Parliament shortly past the turn into the thirties. The foundations of Dr. Horsey's rapid rise from political defeat and apparent failure were laid in Asia, whither he went at twenty-five as an insurance agent, and amassed wealth rapidly. There was always the suggestion of the Oriental nabob in his subsequent dealing with men and money. He filled a large place in the politics and industrial development of the Georgian Bay country, and had he lived he would probably have filled a much larger place both politically and commercially.

The "Christian Guardian" endorses the action of the National Educational Association of the United States, which, in convention at Minneapolis recently, pronounced by resolution in favor of the restoration of the Bible as a text-book in the Public schools. The Association asked that the Bible be studied chiefly as literature and not as a teacher of moral and religious truth, and the "Guardian" says that no one believes that the Bible could be studied even as literature without its impressing upon the student great moral and religious truth. This opinion is unquestionably correct and it is right here that we find ourselves face to face with the difficulty and danger of such a proposal as that of the National Educational Association. How is it possible to teach the Bible as literature apart from its meaning? Interpretation is the very heart and core of the



Mr. Toronto—There they are till the alarm goes off! I suppose all my good measures are under the bed.

ridiculous and blood-soaked and endangered the permanence of governments.

The conscience of the English Nonconformist is a queer thing, liable to spread in all sorts of unforeseen directions, but certain in the end to resent the dictation of either the Established Church of England or the Church of Rome. A couple of recent instances have demonstrated this. A Liberal Unionist in one case has revolted against the Government, and in another instance a division of Leeds, by an overwhelming change, has made it apparent that the Education Bill is unacceptable even to the Liberal Unionists. A somewhat extended statement of what this bill means was given on this page recently and need not be repeated. All that need be said is that it is similar to what Ontario has already accepted in the matter of Separate schools if to that be added what the Anglican Synod is asking for as to voluntary schools. Unless Mr. Balfour backs out of his present attitude it appears as if the present British Government would be overwhelmed in the tide which has turned from militarism towards the scrutiny of what the Administration in a domestic way has done and proposes to do. That "coquetting with protection" has anything to do with the two instances which are being so sharply scrutinized throughout the Empire, I do not believe. But it may be that this has had some effect merely as a rumor, for it takes a long while for a fiscal enactment to get through the wool of the ordinary voter, and even the English Liberal papers, strong in free trade as they are, claim that the Education Bill won them the North Leeds seat. The incident, while it may not prove a reliable indication of a prospective change of Government, should at least prove to Canadians the danger of permitting secretaries to monkey with an established school system.

Dispatches from Halifax tell us that the contingent just landed there was paid off on board ship and entertained with as little demonstration as if they had simply been cargo. Halifax is evidently worn out with making demonstrations intended to add to the gladness of outgoing or incoming troops. At first everybody who went to South Africa was a hero, and when he returned he was doubly a hero, no matter whether he had demonstrated such to be the case or not; but now "the cruel war is over" the hero business is at a discount. Indeed, it seems to me that we use the word "hero" with a prodigality which will necessitate the substitution of some other word when special gallantry is to be indicated. We see much of heroes in the newspapers, but we meet very few of them in ordinary life, unless we accept those gentlemen who persist in wearing khaki for weeks after they return home, though there appears to be no reason except a desire for display why these young men should make themselves so conspicuous on our streets. Would it not be wise to reserve the word hero for occasions which actually demand it, and not apply it indiscriminately to everybody who wears on his uniform

the defection of a single member of either the Government or the Opposition so greatly exaggerates the importance of the individual representative. Under such circumstances promises may be extorted which it would be almost ruinous to fulfill. So many of these neck-and-neck races have taken place in Ontario and so many advantages have been taken of the political parties concerned, that as a result mediocrities have been able to obtain prominence which their merits or abilities could not otherwise have procured them. Whether or not there is an election before a session, it seems evident that there is much reconstruction which both parties could profitably attend to in order to fit themselves for the next contest.

Rumors of changes in the Dominion Cabinet and among the officials which the Federal Government appoint, can hardly be considered as interesting as the question whether or not we shall shortly have another provincial election on our hands. Even the wise ones who are putting these rumors together and circulating them seem to have no ideas beyond officialdom. It apparently strikes none of them that any man who is not in the official political swim has any chance to obtain prominence except by sitting until he becomes decrepit or petrified at a departmental desk. As exceedingly few of the readers of the average newspaper belong to the select and exceedingly small fragment from which the official chessmen are chosen, the interest in these rumors is so slight as to scarcely make them worth repeating, particularly as no issue of the slightest importance is at stake.

The system of passing around the hat is becoming so firmly established in Canada that it is likely to supplant the necessary permanent arrangements which should be made for taking care of the aged, infirm and those dependent upon men who lose their lives while in the city or the country's service. It is difficult to look at an economic question of this kind in a thoroughly businesslike spirit. We are fond of sentimentalizing and of being in a sporadic way generous to those whose future is quite clearly one of the responsibilities of citizenship. It is an inspiring revelation of the humanity of our impulses to notice that the Firemen's Emergency Fund has, with the \$25,000 city grant, passed the \$53,000 mark and is now practically closed, with the Mayor of Toronto, the Chief of the Fire Brigade, chairman of the Fire Underwriters, and the president of the Board of Trade and their successors in office, as trustees.

It should be remembered, however, that it is a public duty to provide for the near relatives of those killed in public service. Of course to make this a thoroughly equitable arrangement the public service must be so arranged that both the men and the employment shall come up to some accepted and acceptable standard. The pay, too, should be based on the prospect of a superannuation fund and contributions from the emergency fund

teaching of literature, and interpretation may and does involve difference of opinion. Difference of opinion is the source of most of the schisms that have produced the innumerable sects of Christendom. Where is the school teacher so learned, so wise and so politic that he or she could undertake the teaching of the Bible as literature, to a mixed class, without offence to any? The public schools are for the children of all citizens, Jew and Gentile, Calvinist and Arminian, and the impossibility of reconciling the innumerable views the religionists have themselves taken of the Bible is the strongest reason against its use as a text-book in the schools.

THE Court of Appeals of New York State has decided that there is no such thing as the so-called "right of privacy" and no copyright in a person's face. This decision has followed an action for damages for the use of a beautiful woman's photograph for advertising purposes, without her consent. If it is good law it is not common sense, for it should not be possible that any one should be made ridiculous or notorious except by his or her own act or choice. It is suggested that the learned judges ought to get together and think again, or they may find themselves pictured on board fences as "the best judges of So-and-So's whisky."

Social and Personal.

THE marriage of Miss Carrie Fuller of Rosedale, daughter of Mrs. Charles Fuller, and granddaughter of Professor Hirschfelder, and Mr. William Despard will take place in St. Simon's Church on September 4th. This marriage will consummate a most devoted engagement, and both the bride and groom elect being young and attractive will add another to the long list of pretty weddings held in St. Simon's.

Mr. Austin of "Spadina" has returned from Atlantic City, where Mrs. Austin and the children are still enjoying a glorious time by the sea.

Mrs. Arthur Ross has been on a visit with Mrs. R. A. Harrison. Miss Justina Harrison has been visiting friends out of town.

Mrs. Graham Evans, Miss Hildegard Evans, Mrs. C. H. Howe, Miss Kilmer of College street, are Torontonians spending the summer at Mrs. Keay's, St. Andrew's, New Brunswick. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Street, Miss Evelyn Street, Mrs. Bristol, Miss Williams, Mr. George Robinson, the Misses Robinson and A. Robinson, are registered at the Algonquin. Sir William Van Horne has quite a cosmopolitan party at Covenhoven, who are full of admiration of his beautiful new summer home.

Another story which all hope may prove a canard is being talked over at the clubs with bated breath. The daily papers have thus made it public: "A serious scandal has arisen affecting one of the officers of the Second Canadian Mounted Rifles. The officer referred to is an Ontario man, who, on his appointment to the force, did not hold a commission in connection with the militia. It seems that he is a great poker player, and won hundreds of dollars from his brother officers. His extraordinary run of luck simply amazed those whom he played with, but the secret was out when it was discovered, it is alleged, that the cards which were used, the property of the officer in question, were marked. The general in command at Pretoria has sent a communication on the subject to Ottawa, stating that in the meantime the officer's medal and gratuity are withheld."

Mr. and Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill left on Wednesday for Murray Bay by steamer "Kingston."

Miss Mary Drayton is expected home from New York for her vacation to-day. Miss Zaidie Drayton is spending the summer with Mrs. Willie Parsons at Lake Simcoe. Miss Olive Drayton is also away visiting friends out of town.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Howard and their family of Ontario street, and Mrs. Howard, sr., are at their country place in the Lake region.

Mrs. Francis Richardson is visiting relatives in Goderich. Mr. and Mrs. George Shaw are in the Lake district for the summer vacation.

The following guests have recently registered at the "Minnicoganahene," Penetanguishene, Ont.: Hon. J. P. Dudley, Mr. Nathaniel W. Norton, Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. E. Rogers, LeRoy, N.Y.; Miss Spiehler, Rochester; Mr. John Weiss, LeRoy; Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Root, Caledonia, N.Y.; Rev. P. Cushing, LeRoy; Mr. J. B. Tuttle, Hon. J. M. Hancock, Colonel J. T. Low, Mr. Clarence Spiehler, Mr. C. H. Piper, Niagara Falls; Mr. John Sampson, LeRoy; Mr. Frank E. Macdonald, wife and family, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Oiler, Toronto; Mr. Harry Yates, Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Donaldson, Buffalo; Mr. A. Jergens, Mr. A. Jergens, jr., Mr. A. Neubauer, Cincinnati; Mrs. R. H. Gray, Miss Ethel Gray, Miss Elsie Gray, Miss Ball, Miss F. G. Ball, Toronto; Miss M. L. Riker, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mr. Adolph Spiehler, Rochester; Mr. G. R. Byford, Miss Frances J. Byford, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. G. A. McHenry, Mrs. A. J. Conover, Dayton, O.; Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Granger, Miss Granger, Master Robert Granger, Washington, D.C.; Mr. James Cameron, Toronto; Rear-Admiral G. M. Book, New York; Mr. and Mrs. J. Henderson, Miss Ida Homer Dixon, Toronto; Miss Carolyn Upton, Mr. Fred L. Churchill, Rochester; Miss Mary Tobitt, New York; Miss Isabelle Huntington, Oyster Bay; Mr. D. C. H. Prentice, LeRoy; Mr. and Mrs. Frank O. Herring, Plainfield, N.J.; Mr. and Mrs. George Urban, Miss Urban, Buffalo; Mr. G. W. Dittman, Mr. E. A. Dittman, Mr. C. Dittman, Cincinnati; Mr. H. Gordon Mackenzie, wife and family, Miss M. Barwick, Toronto; Mr. John B. McKillen, Buffalo; Mrs. George F. Glasco, Mr. Lawrence Glasco, Mr. Gordon Glasco, Mr. George F. Glasco, Miss Mary Glasco, Hamilton; Mr. F. E. Galbraith, Toronto; Dr. O. and Mrs. Joachim, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. R. H. Greene and family, Toronto; Mrs. J. A. McPherson and family, Hamilton; Mr. H. S. Lozier, Toronto; Mr. G. A. Mullen, Edinborough, N.B.; Mr. F. Orr, Mr. C. Wall, Cleveland; Mr. W. D. Wilson, Hamilton; Mrs. Duncan Cameron, Misses Cameron, New Zealand; Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland Macklem and family, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Florsch, Rochester.

Mr. and Mrs. George Christie Gibbons of London and their family are summering at St. Andrew's, N.B.

Monday next being Civic Holiday, there is an unusual rush of citizens into the summer resorts to-day. Crowded trains to Muskoka, crowded boats to Niagara, and all the lake ports, are the rule.

The second summer hop at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club Island house was quite a brilliant affair. There were a good many visitors taken over by their friends and the dinners were quite festive and numerous. It was an ideal night, and the young folks truly enjoyed it. There is a very pretty lot of girls at these dances this year, and they have been well crowded, as the fortnightly instead of weekly recurrence makes them all the more appreciated. Miss Aylene Birchall of Montreal continues to be a very much admired belle. On Monday she wore a white frock, the flounces edged with deep shell pink, and a white picture hat with a garland of pink flowers. Mrs. and Miss Wall-Fridge, Mr. and Mrs. Neville, Mrs. Ferrier, Mr. Castell Hopkins, Mr. Jack Small, Mr. Vincent Rowe, Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, four happy "nouveaux mariés," Miss Elsie Helliwell, Miss Leila McDonnell, Miss Ruth Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Lee, Miss Mae Foster, just home from New York, and looking very well in

white gown and hat and huge ruff; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Massey, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Massey, the little lady still a bit of an invalid but full of bright cordiality to many greeting friends; Mr. Charlie and Miss Annie Michie and Miss Hanlan, Mr. and the Misses Lamont, Mr. Calcutt, Mr. and Mrs. Strowger, Miss Jaffray, Mr. W. Goulding, Miss Enid Wornum, Miss McWilliams, Miss Lillian Warwick of Sunnholm, Miss Kathleen Massey, Mr. Selby Martin, Miss Louise Stout, were a few of the many present.

The usual weekly dance at the Island Aquatic Hall took place on Friday, and was very well attended by the usual crowd. These are real Island dances, and the young folk are typical Islanders. The same chaperones have been on duty at the dances for years and two claim to be from the original list nearly a decade ago. The move to build a new dance hall by the association comes none too soon, as, considering the advance in general architectural beauty in Center Island, the old dance room, which is ill ventilated and lighted by lamps, is quite out of date. But the jolly dances which have been held there may never be exceeded even in the finest of assembly halls.

In the finals of the men's open singles at the St. Matthew's tennis tournament, Mr. Bert Cowan of the Victoria Club had the misfortune to sprain his ankle very badly. His opponent, Mr. A. C. McMaster, generously refused to claim the match, and the prizes were shared. Mr. Cowan will be confined to his house for several weeks.

The Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Daniel McMillan, and Lady McMillan entertained at dinner in Winnipeg on Tuesday evening of last week, and a number of Toronto people were present. Covers were laid for thirty and the table was most beautifully decorated in pale pink and green tulle, and huge bouquets of flowers from the Government House conservatories. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Meek, Miss Annie Irving and Mr. Jack Creelman of Toronto.

This week our special artist, Mr. Albert Winkelmann, has taken a picture of "Belvidere," Mr. W. G. Gooderham's palatial residence on the lake shore of Center Island. Many citizens have been amazed to see the photos of some of our



Island homes. "I never dreamed there were such places on Toronto Island," is quite a common exclamation, and it is exactly on that account that these pictures are published, for what people don't know is what we like to tell them.

The palace summer hotel, the Royal Muskoka, on Lake Rosseau, is much appreciated by many persons who have hitherto renounced the season in Muskoka sooner than deny themselves the luxuries and delicacies of city or home life. It is too soon to expect everything out of doors to be brought to the perfection attained in service and cuisine, but the management are valiantly striving to get things in shape for tennis and golf this month. They have a splendid Italian orchestra at the hotel which plays every day and evening, and dances are held twice a week, to which the Islanders are welcome. It is a pretty sight to see them coming in boats and canoes and making their way up the woodland drive to the hotel. Last Saturday, the cool evening made dancing a pleasure. Parties of girls in pique and men in light summer suits came from near islands for the hop, and the guests of the hotel also enjoyed it. Everyone regrets the severe wrench Mr. Crawford gave to his foot some weeks ago, which for a time laid the manager "hors de combat" entirely. The ping-pong parlor is a cool, quiet retreat and the players enjoy it, finding the basement, done in artistic dark oak and airy by reason of many doors and windows, a splendid place for their game. Boats are being brought up, and launches of various "power" and style puff, snort and clatter back and forth round the noble point on which the hotel stands. One can scarcely realize the presence of electric bells, baths en suite and perfect attendance in Muskoka! The waiters are mostly colored students from colleges across the line, and I hear that one is a full-fledged physician. The management is correcting little faults and inconveniences as fast as can be, and this month's business will likely make things hum at the Royal Muskoka. The backward season has been a great drawback to all the summer resorts, but everyone is going or gone somewhere this month.

The Hotel Hanlan guests again joined hands with the West Islanders and gave a delightful dance on Tuesday evening, which was attended by a large company. The ballroom under the control of Hotel Hanlan, which has an ideal floor, lots of sitting-out room, fine ventilation and lighting, and is much larger than another summer dancing hall, was never crowded, and though the night was very warm, the balconies were delightfully cool and secluded, and the air most refreshing. Besides, those sitting out enjoyed many a pretty water picture when the stealthy canoes drifted into the brilliant light from the doors of the Rowing Club boathouse below. The long green canoe was particularly picturesque with a woman in a white frock and a man lying back against some cushions facing her. They were mirrored in the still surface of the water as clear as in a looking-glass. Now and then his serene business raised himself on one elbow and gently moved a paddle when the canoe ran too near the shore. Many others there were, floating back and forth, listening to the orchestra in the ball-room, and watching the silhouettes of the dancers as they came out to breathe the cool night air. Some of the hotel guests were exceedingly smart and all seemed to thoroughly enjoy the dance. A few of those present who looked particularly nice were the Misses Parmenter, fair Irish girls in pretty white frocks, one touched with pale blue; Mrs. Darrell, in white muslin; Mrs. Freysing, in a transparent gauze grenadine, striped in deep pink over a pale green slip; Mrs. Sowden in a smart shell-pink frock; Mrs. Victor Armstrong in a white evening gown. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Pattison, Miss E. Pattison, Mr. Bruce Pattison, Mr. and Mrs. George Dunstan, Mr. and Mrs. A. Sowden, Mrs. William Wedd, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Darrell, Mr. and Mrs. E. K. M. Wedd, Miss Florence Ash (Philadelphia), Miss W. Garvin (New York), Mr. James S. Garvin (New York), Miss Smyth (Boston), Mr. R. L. Mackeen, Mr. and Mrs. George Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Briggs, Mrs. William Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dennis, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. William Junor, Mr. T. Butler, Mr. Ibro Lyon, Messrs. E. W. Bisset, William Hilborn, G. W. Smith, G. O. Complin, George Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Barrow, Mr. Guiton, Miss O'Hara, Mr. and Mrs. Soole, Miss Macchayden, Mr. Harry Dale, Mr. R. Johnston, Mr. E. Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Lawson, Mr. S. Small, Mr. R. S. Cassels, Mr. B. Kilner, Mr. J. P. Milnes, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Lockhart, Mr. and Mrs. William McBride, the Misses Sheppard, Mr. William Carswell, Mr.

and Mrs. Claude Armstrong, Mrs. Victor Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. John Wedd, Mrs. Fair, Miss Fair, Mr. and Mrs. E. Macrae, Mr. R. G. Lambert, Miss Parmenter, Miss E. Parmenter, Miss Ruttan, Miss Proctor, Mr. R. E. Griggs, Mrs. and Miss Kilner, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, Mr. T. Jones, Mr. George Merriek, Mrs. Sinclair, Miss Sinclair, Miss B. Sinclair, Miss M. Sinclair, Miss Ashall, Mr. J. H. Milnes, Dr. C. E. Pearson, Mrs. Haynes, Mrs. Lamont, Miss Dona Lamont, Mr. Fred Lamont, Mr. Macpherson, Miss B. Ogden, Miss Pengold, Mr. Jackson, Mr. D. L. Jennett, Miss Goss, Mr. W. Strath, Mr. A. A. Bowman, Mr. E. J. Kennedy, Mrs. Arthur Hurdley, Miss Sturgeon, the Misses Donley, Mr. Harry Holland, Mr. and Mrs. Freysing, Miss Hunt, Miss G. Ross, Misses O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. McCaffrey, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Noble, Mr. Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Secre, Mr. H. H. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Hepburn, Mr. James D. Bailey, Miss Thompson, Miss Ross, Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Darrell, Mr. Hal. Harmer. These Tuesday evening dances will be continued through the season, and tickets may be obtained from any of the committee or from the secretary, Mr. Henry F. Darrell (Main 945). The West Islanders hold their weekly sports in the West Lagoon, and have great doings thereat. One of the most agreeable features of the Tuesday hops is that they are not overcrowded, a drawback much complained of at some of the Island dances.

On July 5th, at 12.30 o'clock, at Holy Trinity Church, Upper Tooting, London, England, the vicar, Dean Potter, M.A., officiating, the marriage was solemnized of Mr. R. A. Stapells, eldest son of Mr. R. G. Stapells, Wellesley street, Toronto, and Miss Pauline Edwina Harvey, eldest daughter of Mr. W. C. Harvey of Toronto. The musical service, under the direction of the organist, Mr. Sidney Phipp, F.R.C.O., was fully choral, the bridal party being met and conducted to the altar by the choir, of which the groom is a member. The bride was given away by her father, and looked very dainty in her traveling dress of blue crepe de chine trimmed with pink silk applique and wearing a Parisian hat of white and gold. The bridesmaids were Misses Ruby and Garnet Harvey, sisters of the bride, who wore handsome gowns of crepe de chine. Mr. W. Harvey, jr., was best man. There were many handsome presents from friends in Canada and England, among others a handsome piece of silverware from the groom's business colleagues. After a recherche luncheon at the residence of the bride's father, Argyle House, Wandsworth Common, Mr. and Mrs. Stapells left on the 5.15 train for a tour through England and Ireland.

Mrs. F. Clifford Sutton (nee Routhier) has returned from Europe and is with her parents, Mr. Justice and Madame Routhier, in Quebec.

Lieutenant Thrift Burnside has been appointed to a commission in the West African Frontier Police.

The return of the Hart's River heroes last Thursday evening roused the city to enthusiasm, and the last installment of active service men received their welcome warm and resonant.

The young Islanders have had a gay time of it this week; dances on Monday, Tuesday and Friday, several verandah teas, and the usual euchres and ping-pong parties have been the programme.

Mr. Vincent Rowe, a very jolly Englishman, and an old Marlboro' College boy, who is now one of Texas's big ranchers, paid a short visit to Toronto recently. On Monday evening Mr. Rowe dined at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, the guest of Mr. Jack Small, and left on Monday night for Texas.

Mr. Arthur E. Kirkpatrick has been taking a short course at Stanley Barracks, and has incidentally taken on a coat of tan which is immensely becoming.

The good stork has called on Mr. and Mrs. Maughan Ellis at their home in Crescent road and left a wee girl, who if she resembles her mamma, will be easily the belle of the stork's collection.

Mr. and Mrs. Vogt of Bloor street left on Tuesday last for the Kirkwood Inn, Scarborough Beach, Maine, via Montreal. They expect to return to the city about September 1st.

Mrs. W. S. Lee and Miss Mabel Lee are visiting friends in the south of England and will return to London next week for the Coronation. In lamenting the possible outcome of King Edward's illness, the day of the postponement a lady was moved to remark that His Majesty might be crowned in heaven. A small girl querulously objected to such a departure, as there "everyone had crowns," the earthly monopoly seeming to her much more desirable.

Mr. and Mrs. James George returned from the West Coast last week, after a most enjoyable trip.

Mrs. Maurice Hutton and her daughters are at Little Metis. Mr. and Mrs. William McLaren are at Prout's Neck. Mr. and Mrs. Russell Baldwin have been spending some time at the Welland, St. Catharines, for the benefit of Mrs. Baldwin's health; she has suffered very severely for months from rheumatism.

Mrs. and Miss Hoskin of Deer Park are spending some time at the Welland Hotel, St. Catharines. Mr. A. E. Hoskin returned home last week. Mr. Trevor Gwynn is at the Welland.

Dr. Riordan returned from New London on the Sea at the beginning of the week. Mrs. Riordan remained another week with Mr. and Mrs. Fitzhugh.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Wyld spent part of July with their daughter, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, at De Grassi Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark and the Misses Clark left last week for the West Coast. They will be very greatly missed at their usual summer quarters on the Maine Coast, but since the loss of one of the happy circle, it was found too trying an ordeal to pass the holiday season where everything would accentuate the bereavement to their loving hearts.

Professor and Mrs. William Clark are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason at Chief's Island, Lake Joseph, Muskoka.

On next Wednesday the marriage of Miss Marian Hope Skinner of "Braside," Guelph, and Mr. Alexander G. Calder of London will take place in Guelph.

Mrs. Bickford is on a visit to her father, Colonel McGill of Kingston.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor had an attack of illness last week from which he is now quite recovered.

Miss Sylvester is spending some time at Grunwald, near Huntsville, Muskoka.

Mrs. Barker and her sons, Captain and Mr. Eddie Barker, are again at their town house in Cecil street. Mr. Eddie Barker returned from England on Saturday and Captain Barker on Friday. Mr. and Miss Barker and Mr. Will Barker sailed from England last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Osler have been enjoying a stay in the vicinity of Reading and Henley. Mrs. Osler (nee Scarth) is a much admired and welcomed Canadian bride.

Mr. and Mrs. Totten have returned to town. They spent some time after their return from France at the Welland, where Mr. Totten was much benefited and wished he had gone there instead of abroad.

Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn returned from Quebec last Saturday.

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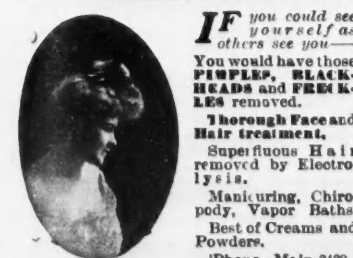
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Social and Personal.

Dr. G. Sterling Ryerson returned via Boston by steamship "Commonwealth," from London, accompanied by his eldest son, and spent some time after landing at Narragansett Pier and New London.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Nelson, at the Rossin House, have gone with a house party to Adirondack for two weeks, and will spend some days at Saratoga on their return.

Miss Reinhardt of "Linderhof," 487 Jarvis street, has returned from a long trip to the Continent, and will receive on the first and second Mondays of next month.

Several parties from Canada have been stopping at the Grand Union, Saratoga Springs, during the last two or three weeks. Among these is one from Toronto, including Mrs. Stanbury Finch, Mrs. W. Hyslop, and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Radley.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Hall are once more settled in their home in Admiral road, after an extended absence from the city, during which time they were residents of the Ancient Capital.

Miss Grace Parker of 17 Boswell avenue is spending the summer in Minnesota.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Irwin of Weston are away on their vacation with their family. Mr. B. Morton Jones is taking care of Mr. Irwin, K.C.'s, clients until his return to Weston.

Mr. W. Thompson of Pittsburgh, Pa., is visiting his parents, 3 Russell street.

Lieutenant Carleton Salkeld of the 10th Hussars was married in London on July 24 to Miss Shelly Gully, daughter of the Right Honorable William Court Gully, Speaker of the House of Commons. Right Rev. William Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon, officiated. The ceremony took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in the presence of many guests. There were ten bridesmaids in white oriental satin, covered with ermine lace. The bride's dress had a long train of white moire, traced with silver. The presents were remarkable in number and value, the most beautiful one being an opal and diamond necklace from two hundred and fifty members of Parliament.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Massey and their family and Mrs. Walter Massey and her children have gone to their summer residences in Dentonia Park.

Mrs. Eaton of Toronto sailed for England on the "Pretorian."

Mrs. Hiram Piper, with her little daughter Doris, left last week for Morin House, Muskoka.

Dr. and Mrs. Ross and their family are spending the summer on their farm, north of the Rosedale golf links.

Mr. and Mrs. Elias Rogers and their family are off to Muskoka for the August holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. DuVernet have gone to England by the "Pretorian," from Montreal.

List of guests registered at Sans Souci Hotel, Moon River P.O., Georgian Bay: Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Adams of New York; Charles Lennox of Lion's Head; E. W. Coy and wife of Cincinnati; Miss Coy and Miss Helen Coy; James A. Greene and wife, Joseph Harrington and Robert Greene of Cincinnati; Mrs. and Mr. C. Ruddy, C. C. Baines, George Boyd of Toronto, George W. Scribner, wife, and two children, Miss Marguerite Scribner of Cleveland, R. J. Thompson and wife, Ira B. Thompson, Marguerite Thompson, F. B. Emery and wife, Marguerite Emery of Buffalo, W. S. Tyrrel and party of seventeen of Orillia, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Armstrong of Ottawa, C. W. Smith of Pittsburgh, Dr. Hodgkinson and wife of Pittsburgh, Howard W. Ogborn, J. Behrend of Cincinnati, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Lyons of Lansing, Mich., Dr. R. F. Thompson of North East, Pa., Dr. J. A. Sherwood and wife, Miss A. Dennis of Buffalo, Dr. H. S. Waldorf of Seneca Falls, N.Y., Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Seigfried of Poughkeepsie, Mr. Ed. Rogerson and party of Le Roy, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Kohn, Misses Kohn, Miss and Mrs. Mixer of Rock Island, Ill., Mr. and Mrs. McCallum of Pittsburgh, O. R. Brownfield of Pittsburgh, Mr. Perry Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Hale of Niagara Falls, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Ballantyne of Toronto, Mr. Errol W. Hawke and party of seventeen, Upper Canada College, Toronto; Mr. M. J. Centworthy of Warton, Mr. F. N. Wilcox, Mr. Owen Wilcox, Mr. M. J. Mandelbaum, Mr. Clay Baker, Mr. N. Payette of Cleveland, Mr. S. Groselle of Penetang, Mr. W. G. Dunn and wife of New Castle, Pa., Mr. W. C. McAllister, wife and children, of Columbus, O., Mr. R. F. Laboureaux of Penetang, Mr. A. R. Purland of Toronto, Mr. Joseph A. Thompson of Pittsburgh, Pa., Mrs. Gurney E. Still, Mrs. R. Shenstone, Mr. F. B. Clark, wife and child, Mr. W. S. Rupert of Toronto, Mrs. and Mr. S. V. Fitzsimmons, Mr. W. F. Bruson, Mr. Sam Wilder of Rochester, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Bork of New York, Mr. James Cameron of Toronto.

The Pickwick Club met in High Park on Saturday, July 26. There were a goodly number of the members, as well as a large number of visitors, present. Outdoor amusements were engaged in until the severe rainstorm rendered such impossible, when the club adjourned to the restaurant, where tea was served. After tea the party took possession of the pavilion, where a rollicking hour was spent, and where a new game was introduced, which was productive of much merriment. The leading spirit in all the sports was Dr. Mitchell, who won golden opinions from the young people by entering into all their games with boyish enthusiasm. The success of the picnic (and all voted it a rattling success, despite the fact that the dampness was so great as to affect even the ardor of the immortal Sam Weller), may be traced to the fact that Mrs. Elmes was at the helm. This being the case, success was a foregone conclusion. The club will meet again at an early date.

Rev. Archibald McKibbin of Bryans-ton is visiting his sisters, the Misses McKibbin, at 45 McGill street, this week.

Mr. Bourlier of 102 Wellesley street has spent the past week at Biddeford, on the Maine coast. Mr. Harry Bourlier is going to Muskoka on Monday, for a vacation.

A garden party and sale of work will be held at Summerholm, Hanlan's Point, on Saturday, August 9, commencing at 3 p.m., the proceeds to be devoted to the work of the Sick Children's Hospital. The efficient superintendent, Miss Cadow, and all the members of Summerholm, are sparing no pains to make the afternoon a success, both socially and financially. Refreshment booths will be provided, where cake and ice cream may be procured, and an excellent programme of vocal and instrumental music will be presented in the evening. As Summerholm is particularly well adapted for a garden party, the management are hoping for a good attendance. The object of the gathering is most commendable and well deserving of the best patronage.

Mrs. John A. Loudon, Victoria avenue, Eglinton, very generously invited all the members of the Y.W.C.G. to spend the afternoon of Saturday, July 26, at her beautiful home. About sixty of the members responded to the kind invitation. Mrs. John Harvie, acting president, and other members of the Board of Management were also present. Owing to the heavy rainstorm the girls were obliged to abandon the lawn and betake themselves to indoor amusements. Miss Stewart of Eglinton sang several selections during the evening, and the orchestra which was provided for the occasion filled the house with melody. During the evening Mrs. Harvie gave one of her quiet, motherly talks to the girls, which was very much appreciated. A bountiful repast, followed by ice cream, was one of the features of the evening which by no means to be disparaged (so the girls tell me, at any rate). Before the party separated, a hearty vote of thanks was tendered to Mrs. Loudon for her kindness in providing such a pleasant treat.

Mrs. Patterson of Embro, who was so long a patient in Toronto General Hospital this spring, is now at the Welland Hotel, St. Catharines, having found the noise of the Falls very trying and destructive of sleep. She is still far from quite well, but her friends hope soon to hear best news of her.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Baird are spending the summer at Proulx's Neck, Maine.

Mr. Victor Lewis, impersonator, 307 Dovercourt road, has signed an agreement with Guy Brothers to travel with their company during the coming season. The first engagement of the company is at Walpole, New Hampshire, on August 27. Mr. Lewis will be very much missed, for everyone who knows "Vic" votes him an out-and-out good fellow, with a sunny disposition, which will make warm friends for him wherever he goes.

Dr. and Mrs. G. Ralph Breckon, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Smith of Avenue road, have returned home to Caledonia, Mich., after renewing many old acquaintances.

Dr. and Mrs. Torrington are, as usual, spending the summer at Peake's Island, off the Maine Coast.

Mr. "Cliff" Marshall of 623 Sherbourne street left Saturday, July 26, for Port Sandfield and Muskoka Lakes, where he expects to make a stay of some weeks.

In Paris, on Wednesday afternoon, July 16, at two o'clock, a very pretty wedding was solemnized at "Under Hill," the residence of Mrs. N. P. Benning, when her daughter, Miss Laura Maude, was married to Mr. George Hood Buckley. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. Father Keough, Vicar-General, assisted by Rev. Father Cleary, the bridal party standing beneath a huge horseshoe of flowers, from the center of which was suspended a dainty white

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floral bell. The bride, who was given away by her brother, wore a handsome gown of white duchesse satin, trimmed with exquisite point lace and chiffon. Her veil was caught with orange blossoms, and she carried a shower bouquet of bridal roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Alice Marie, sister of the bride, wore a dainty gown of mauve dotted Swiss, with touches of black, a Dolly Varden hat with pink roses, and carried a pretty shower bouquet of pink. The groomsmen wore the groom's brother, Mr. Fred Buckley, of Niagara Falls. Miss Kate O'Brien played the wedding march as the bridal party entered the drawing-room, which was prettily decorated with palms and ferns. Only the immediate relatives and friends of the bride and groom were present, and after the ceremony the guests sat down to the dejeuner, the tables being decorated with ferns and choice white flowers. The happy couple left on the evening train for a trip down the St. Lawrence, and on their return will spend ten days at Ottawa. The bride's going-away gown was of coronation blue broadcloth, the coat having revers of tan leather and opening over a blouse of white silk. A pretty white Panama hat trimmed with blue completed a most stylish costume. The bride is held in high esteem by hosts of friends, and was the recipient of an unusually large number of costly and useful presents. The groom is one of the most popular young men in Paris and well known in musical circles.

Rev. W. L. Baynes-Reed left last Saturday on a visit of two months to his father in Victoria, B.C.

Master Frank Mace of Elm avenue, Rosedale, and Harry T. Roessler and James Byrne of Isabella street are camping out in Beaverton.

Miss Mabel Shaw of Crescent road, Rosedale, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Milton A. Muldrew at "Hazeldeane," Mimico.

Miss Eldred and Miss Georgie Macdonald left Tuesday last for Ferndale, Muskoka.

Mr. Jack H. Kelsey returned from England to America last week, and has gone to Regina. He saw active service in the Boer war with the Middlesex Yeomanry. Mr. Kelsey arrived in Toronto on July 18, and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. Winnifirth.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmond L. Roberts and daughters are at "Dunlogie," Stony Lake.

Miss Emily Mohr and Miss Gertrude Mohr of Arrnprior are the guests of Miss Verna Smith.

Miss Julia Weidert, Miss Edith Van Dusen, Dr. James MacCallum, Miss Falkner, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Baldwin, Mrs. A. Denison, Mr. E. A. Monek, Madame B. De Chenevier, Mr. W. G. Gwyn, Mrs. B. F. Kendall of Toronto, Miss L. Young, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morrison of Hamilton, Mrs. G. C. Patterson of Embro, Mr. and Mrs. James Mitchell, Miss A. Fleming of Cayuga, Mr. and Mrs. I. Waterman of London, Mrs. Robert Scott, Miss Scott of Galt, Mrs. S. Rosenthal, Mr. L. Rosenthal of New York,

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Winning of the Wager.

"The moonstone Sphinx!" broke in the Comtesse.

"No," Hope Newcome answered, "the letters which my father had taken from the body of the murdered man. All those years she had kept the coat he had worn in jail and when he escaped, for it was stained with his blood. And sometimes she took it out and wept over it, recalling the past. The letters had not, after all, been stolen by the murderer. He could not even have seen them, for when my father thrust them deeply into his pocket they had been pushed down between the coat and the lining, which was ripped—not torn; and somehow the opening and the letters had remained undiscovered till that day."

"It was then that my mother told me the story, and made me promise that I would give my whole life to tracking down the murderer, if he still lived."

"She believed that he would be found in England under an assumed name, and that with the money he had stolen from his three victims he would have made himself rich. Long ago, when they had known each other in Australia, he had told her that his great ambition was to be a millionaire and spend his money in London—the 'capital of the world,' he had called it. My mother was certain that he had realized his ambition, and now that I was armed with the letters I should be able even at that late date to bring him to justice—if I could find him. I was to know him by the description she gave, and above all by his deformed foot; for, whatever else was changed by time that could not change. And she was certain also that he would have kept the Sphinx's head."

"But to find him was the great task, and to do so I must live in the world of rich people. I must get money enough to live upon, so that I should have my time to myself for the search."

"When my mother told me this story of the past she was already an invalid. She would have no nurse but me, even had we been able to afford it. She suffered continually, and could not be left alone for long, so that my ways of earning a living were precarious. A few months after she died I took the first step towards keeping my promise to her. I sailed for England—a steamer passenger. Exactly what my life was after that adds no interest to my tale, but it had its ups and downs, mostly downs, until a fortunate whim of fate tossed into my hands what once would have seemed to be a great fortune. I made a queer bargain, with a clause, at the end of it which was left vague; but I was ready to do almost anything, not dishonorable, for money."

"Only for one brief interval of madness did I lose sight of my object; but, though I thought of nothing else, worked for nothing else, I never seemed to be nearer to my goal. Often I followed false clues, but they always led me back again to the starting place, until one day I met a shabby fellow in the street who begged of me with an American accent. He was near the house of a rich man whom I knew very well, and had been there hoping to see the millionaire, whom he stated that he had known long ago; but as the master was abroad he was turned away by the servants, who refused to believe in the alleged friendship."

"I gave the fellow something, more because he was an American than for any other reason, but a few words he carelessly let drop interested me for another reason. I stood him a dinner, with a little good wine, and he poured out confidences. He had lived in one of the Western States, and had owned a little land thirty years ago with several houses upon it. One of these houses was unlet and had stood empty for some time, when it began to have the reputation of being haunted. People in the neighborhood heard queer chattering noises at night, and were afraid to go near the place. But the owner was not afraid. He went in and found a terrible wreck of manhood there—a poor wretch with his face so burnt with vitriol that it was more like a piece of raw meat than a face; and, still more horrible, he lacked a foot, which had been lately amputated, literally hacked off, as if by the hand of an amateur."

"The sufferer was raving with fever, and almost dead. How long he had been there or how he came the owner of the house could not tell, but he was more than half starved, and in his delirium said strange things—the strangest of all, that he had deliberately worked the evil upon himself for motives untold. He was tended and cared for as well as possible in that lonely neighborhood, where there was not a doctor within thirty miles, and a marvelous constitution pulled him through, horribly disfigured and lame though he must be to the end of his days."

"When he was able to speak coherently he told a story of a fire in the nearest town, in which he had all but lost his life, saying that, as his foot was nearly burnt off, he had himself cut bone and flesh away, lest mortification should set in. After that he professed to have no recollection of anything which happened; and as he had plenty of money in a belt he wore next his skin, the owner of the house was not too pressing in his curiosity. He was well paid for his care, and it was not until after his mysterious guest had vanished as unexpectedly as he had come that he found out there had been no fire of importance in the town mentioned for many months."

"Years passed on, and brought troubles to my American friend. He lost his money and had various mishaps, finally going out to South Africa. There he heard of the great millionaire with the scarred face and hobbling limp, which his intimates whispered was caused by an artificial foot. The American tramped up country to find him, only just in time to see the man getting into a train at the railway station. But he recognized the hideous face, and was bitterly disappointed at losing the chance of claiming help as a reward for what he had done in the past."

"Somehow he managed, after a few months more, to get to England, and

determined to make a good sum out of his former services, perhaps get a start in business. But he only arrived to find his quarry had slipped away again."

"You can imagine, Comtesse, that this story set me thinking. If a man had the fearful courage to disguise himself in a way so horrible, so painful, it could only have been because he must choose between losing his identity or his life. Such grim pluck, such iron self-control might almost win admiration, were it not the desperation of a moral coward, ready to sacrifice all that makes existence precious for the sake of the bare chance of escaping death."

"Needless to tell you that I have the American where I can put my hand upon him when I want him. When I had arranged this, I followed the millionaire, with whom I had actually been on terms of friendship, feeling as if I had dreamt the months of intimacy with him, months which I had wasted in vain search, my eyes everywhere save on the one man who should have held them."

"Fate had already played me some strange tricks, but none stranger than that which placed me on the track of the moonstone Sphinx in the very moment of reaching the end of my journey. He had had it for years, and the clue seemed complete; but the moonstone was gone out of his possession for the first time. I could neither hope to find it with him nor to obtain it myself and confront him with it in the hour of his downfall, unless—"

"Unless I give it back to you!" exclaimed the Comtesse.

"Exactly. Or even lend it. What I want is to hear him claim it as his own." Her answer was to snatch up the stone from the table and impulsively place it in Newcome's hand. "It is yours, as it has always been. You have won your wager, and I pay my debt."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Price She Was to Pay.

Winifred Gray did not deceive herself. She knew what she was doing in going down to the house of Lionel Macaire. She knew what his reputation was; she knew how, since she had shown the loathing she felt for him and his insults, he had built up, stone by stone, his scheme of revenge."

Sometimes a stone had fallen with the dull ring of failure for him; but he had set it up again with another piled upon it; and when she went to keep the appointment at his house, the shameful structure he had planned would be complete. Still, if she hesitated in telegraphing her reply to Dick's imploring letter, it was not for long. Poor, foolish Dick! He had been but a cat's-paw from the first, as she had warned him; yet she would not remind him now of that warning. She would save him, and if she could not save herself when the time came, she must die."

To those who did not know of the silent battle waged for so many months it would seem a small, almost an absurdly small, sacrifice to make, that she should dine at the house of a man whom she disliked, when by doing so she could keep her brother from going to prison and spare her invalid mother a blow which might crush out her life."

But Winifred knew when she made the promise that it meant far more than a dinner at a house where she would have preferred not to go. If Hope Newcome had been to her the man she had once thought him, she would have hesitated longer before sacrificing her reputation to save her brother from prison. She would have belonged to her lover and would have had no right to put Dick before him. But the girl believed that she had done for ever with love and lovers. Since the only man to whom she had given her heart had been able to hide his baseness with seeming nobility, Winifred had lost faith in all men, and told herself that she hated every one. Except for her mother, it mattered little enough what became of the rest of her spoiled life."

She did not sleep much before the night when she would be called upon to keep her promise. The thought of what she must do was like a waking nightmare. It was always before her, whether her eyes were closed or open. Her imagination conjured up a hundred different methods by which Macaire might seek to entrap her; and the hours she should have slept were spent in striving to think how, while she kept her word to the letter, she might still contrive to thwart the ultimate designs which she suspected."

Winifred did not tell her mother of the trouble which had befallen Dick nor of her promise to Macaire. If all were well, Mrs. Gray never need know; if not, there was time enough for her to be made unhappy."

As the girl went out every evening soon after seven to keep her nightly engagement at the Salisbury, her mother would believe that she was absent upon her usual errand. It would be necessary to say: "I shall be later than usual" for the dinner was to be at nine—and Winifred hoped, after keeping her hateful bargain to the letter, to reach home before midnight. Only there was such terrible indefiniteness in her hope. She did not know what danger she might be going to meet at Macaire's house, and unless Dick were there she would have no one to protect her."

At half-past seven she left the dismal lodging-house which was "home" now. She had kissed her mother even more tenderly than when he was wont, and clung to the little frail woman yearningly for a moment, that was all; and Mrs. Gray suspected nothing. Winifred had made her promise not to sit up, as she must be late, but the girl knew that her mother would not sleep until she was safely back again. "Safely back again!" How much there was in those simple words! What would be her thoughts when she returned to the dull little rooms which appeared desirable in her eyes to-night for the first time? What would the next five hours hold of fear and humiliation for her?

Winifred had put on a very simple evening dress, which she covered with a long cloak even from her mother's eyes;

for she was in the habit of walking to the Salisbury in a coat and short dark skirt. Her "turn" was one of the first on the long programme, a position not considered desirable by the artists, since the nearer their names were to the middle the more unmistakable the hall-mark of their importance; but on this particular night it was convenient for Winifred to finish early."

By half-past eight she had sung her song and satisfied the audience with a couple of encores. There was just time to change her stage dress for the evening gown she had worn, and drive to Park lane; and as the hour drew near the girl's heart grew cold as ice. She dared not be late, she dared not wish that some incident might delay or prevent her going lest Dick should be made to suffer."

She dressed with speed, and at twenty minutes to nine she was in a hansom on her way to Park lane. How sickeningly her pulses beat as she drove into the courtyard and stopped before the great brilliantly lighted house! Her knees trembled, and she almost fell as she stepped down to the pavement. The huge doors looked to her like the doors of a prison. If only Dick had written—if only she found Dick inside! But there had been no word from him save a few lines of thanks after receiving her telegram. She paid the cabman, and then—slowly, in spite of herself—moved towards the door which she feared might open before her knock, on the knocker, except driving away; it was all that she could do not to call after it and tell the man to stop—she had changed her mind and would go back."

As her eyes wistfully followed him a voice spoke almost in her ear: "Winnie! I've been waiting for you this last half-hour."

"Dick!" she thankfully exclaimed.

"Yes. We've only a minute to speak together. I can't go in; I'm not wanted inside that house any more, and I don't want to be there. Heaven knows, except for you. But I had to see you. Lucky for your cab had rubber tires and didn't make much noise, or the door would be open now and you going in. I couldn't have got a word. Look here, Winnie, I'm beginning to be afraid you were right about Macaire. He certainly is a villain—bad enough for anything, and the more I've thought of it the more I believe he did lay the trap to get us both to fall into it."

"I've never doubted that for an instant," said the girl.

"Yet you're here, Winnie. I'm a brute to let you come, but I didn't see it this way at first when I wrote begging you to consent. And how could I go to prison? For mother's sake, how could I go? I was sure I should be on hand to look after you and see that you came to no harm, so I let things slide when I began to realize that Macaire meant worse mischief. But I've been turned from the house, and told that if I tried to force my way in I should be pitched out by the footmen. I pretended to go, but I sneaked back here to wait for you, and give you a word of warning. I would say, don't go in after all, no matter what happened to me. I know that."

"You needn't, Dick," Winifred broke in. "Nothing that you tell me comes as a surprise. I shall go in and keep my word. It would not be true to say I am not afraid of Lionel Macaire, for I am—horribly afraid. And I hate him, and shudder at him. But I do believe that I shall find protection from him."

"If ever a girl deserved such protection, it's you," cried Dick. "But listen: I was going to say that I'd tell you not to go in spite of everything if it weren't for Von Zellheim. He'll be here at Macaire's tonight. I know that."

"Baron von Zellheim?" repeated Winifred, bitterly, giving her lost lover the full title which he claimed. "What help can his presence give me? It only makes it all a thousand times worse that he should see me here in the house of the man he was bribed to aid in hunting me down."

"Winifred, I swear to you that Von Zellheim never did that," Dick asserted. "You must trust him. He's true as steel."

"You once said of his master," reported the girl, stung to desperation. "Oh, if this is all you have to tell me, let me go and get this horrible night over quickly—however it is to end." Dick caught her arm and held her back when she would have fled up the three marble steps that led to the door of old green bronze. "You must hear me," he ejaculated. "It was all my fault that you distrusted Von Zellheim. I'll stake my life he'd have killed Macaire rather than be his friend if he'd guessed what a villain he was. He didn't even know that you and Macaire were more than the merest acquaintances—I'd swear that. If you had seen him, half a dozen words of explanation would have made everything right. But you refused; he couldn't understand why, or what he had done to offend you, and he was half mad. He's been a changed man since—older and graver in his ways. If I'd chosen I could have brought a reconciliation about, but I didn't want Von Zellheim to know what you thought of Macaire. If he did know, I was certain he'd be no end of a row, and I'd lose my chance as secretary. I couldn't give that up. And I was so sure, you see, that you were mistaken about Macaire."

"To keep your place you let me insult the man I loved!" cried Winifred. "You let me break my heart; you spoilt my life. Yet you are not ashamed to call on me to save you."

"For Heaven's sake, Winnie, don't look at me, don't speak to me like that! I am ashamed—I'm in the dust with shame. And I didn't dream you cared for Von Zellheim except as a friend. If I had—I hope I'd have been decent enough to do differently. But it's too late for that now. And I see I've ruined myself with you. Do as you like. Don't go into the house. I'll run away—be off somewhere, I don't know where—and escape from Macaire's anger when he finds that he's been tricked."

"No. I will go in—Heaven help me!" said Winifred, with a breaking voice.

"You will? Heaven bless you, then. But—some time, before long, I hope, Von Zellheim will be here. He doesn't know that you are to be in the house; but he wrote, sending me his address, and I wrote, telling him that he must come if he would save me from shame. Already he has been helping me—and he will be here to-night without fail. I'm as sure of it as if I had his promise. You'll trust him now, Winnie, won't you?"

"If I have accused him falsely, he will never forgive me," said the girl, hopelessly. And then, without another word to her brother, she went up the steps and lifted the mailed glove which formed

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Nero's Dinner-Party.

Instantly the doors flew open. Winifred saw a great hall, blazing with lights, which dazzled her eyes after the darkness. A footman in purple and gold livery showed her to a corridor branching off the main hall, and there she was met by a maid, who took her into a room which at first glance seemed walled with mirrors. Everywhere Winifred saw her own reflection—a slim little figure in a plain, long gray cloak, looking strangely incongruous against a background of such magnificence."

The maid helped to remove the cloak, and Winifred was thankful to see a collection of exquisite wraps belonging to other women. One of her fears had been either that she was to dine with Macaire alone, or that she would find herself the only woman among a crowd of men in the fast, reckless set which Macaire was said to lead. Courage came back to her at sight of those dainty evening wraps which suggested the inner heart of Paris."

She left the mirrored dressing-room, and gave herself again to a footman's guidance. Never had Winifred seen so marvelous a house, but she was scarcely conscious of admiration or surprise. Her nerves were tensely keyed for what might be coming."

"What name?" enquired the big footman, with a veiled glitter of impertinence under supercilious lids.

"Miss Winifred Gray," the girl answered mechanically, and then wished that she had refused to give any name at all."

A door was thrown open, and a chatter of voices suddenly buzzed in her ears. They were not sweet, gently modulated voices, but loud and vulgar in every note, though they were the accents of women."

The air was heavy with the scent of lilies, almost deadly in their keen sweetness. The room, which was all white and gold and palest pink, was decorated in the style of Louis Quatorze, and Winifred remembered how she had heard that each room in Macaire's town house was furnished after the fashion of a different nation and period."

Before her mind had had time to receive any other definite impression, save that there were a number of men and women in the room, the latter gorgeously dressed and blazing with diamonds, Macaire himself came forward, holding out his hand."

"We've been waiting for you," he said. "I'd begun to be afraid that you weren't coming after all." And this sentence he spoke with meaning."

"I had promised, and I never break my word," answered Winifred, haughtily, trying in vain to avoid his hand, which pounced upon and imprisoned hers like a hawk seizing a dove. "But you need not have waited for me."

"What!" exclaimed Macaire. "Not wait for the guest of the evening? Perhaps you didn't realize that this little dinner is being given in your honor? I've invited friends who have been especially anxious to meet you ever since last December, when you were playing Mazeppe."

"I never did play Mazeppe," Winifred answered him in a clear, distinct voice, that could be heard at the other end of the large room.

"Didn't you? Oh, I beg your pardon. I thought you did. But that is a detail, isn't it, since you're here to-night? And that our dinner may be of no formal, conventional affair, like those of ordinary society that doesn't know how to enjoy itself, want to introduce you and your city friends, who've come especially to meet you, to each other."

Still holding her hand so tightly that she could not wrench it away, Macaire led her further into the room, nearer to the group of men and women, who had stopped their conversation to listen and look at the new-comer.

The men were already on their feet, but the women remained seated. Four or five painted faces under hair bleached golden or dyed to the sheen of copper stared at her with bold, laughing eyes. Winifred shrank back with a horrified catching of her breath. She was an innocent girl who had known little of the world until she began to earn her living on the stage, but instinct rather than knowledge told her with one blinding flash of enlightenment what these women were whom Lionel Macaire had asked her to meet."

Some of the men she had seen before, though not to one had she ever spoken. There was a Frenchman with royal blood in his veins; there was a young English earl who had lately been made bankrupt; there was a man better known on the racetrack than in drawing-rooms."

A word from Macaire to the Frenchman brought him to be introduced to "the Miss Gray of whom he had so often heard." He bowed with a broad compliment, and looked at Winifred from head to foot as no man had ever looked at her before."

"Dinner is served," announced a footman. Macaire pulled Winifred's resisting hand under his arm, and held it firmly as he made her walk by his side across the room. The girl was deadly pale, but she did not cry out, as Macaire's watchful eyes told that he half expected her to do."

They reached the marble dining room, with its purple hangings, its pink granite pillars and blue-domed ceiling. Winifred's place was by Macaire's side, and she sank into the chair which a footman offered her. She must drink her cup to the dregs, or Macaire would say that she had not kept to the bargain. Having gone through so much, she must endure to the end, or she might better never have come to this horrible house. She could only hope that she knew the worst now. And perhaps, she told herself, even this was better than to have been forced by her promise to dine with Macaire alone."

"Why don't you eat?" asked Macaire, when she had let several courses go by untrasted.

"I do not wish to," she answered in a low tone, lost in the babel of hilarious voices.

"Then I shall not consider that you have kept your word. To dine with a man is not merely to sit at his table, but to eat his food and drink his wine. If you can't bring yourself to do that in my house I am freed from my half of our bargain."

Desperately Winifred made a feint of eating something from her plate, not even knowing what she ate.

"That is better. Now drink some wine. I insist, or you know the consequences. Surely it isn't much to ask. I don't often have to urge my guests to

touch the wine that comes from my cellar."

Champagne, in a jeweled Venetian glass, was sending up from its depths to the golden gleaming surface a stream of bubbles. Winifred raised her glass to her lips and drank. As she did so her tortured eyes met Macaire's, and the glint of satisfaction that darted from his, though he would have hidden it, startled her. She set down the glass quickly. What had that look meant? Was he pleased that she had drunk his wine only because of his triumph in compelling her obedience, or was there a more subtle reason?

Her heart knocked against her side, and her hands grew cold as her gaze traveled questioning from one hard face to another. Was there one in this strange company who would sympathize or help her if she went down on her knees to implore it? She did not believe that there was one. And Baron von Zellheim did not come.

Fearful lest she had made a serious mistake, she watched her own feelings. Had she experienced any different sensations, she asked herself, anxiously, since she had drunk those few sips of wine?

At first she hoped that her excited fancy alone conjured up the imagined difference, but slowly she was obliged to acknowledge that she felt a slight giddiness, a weakness of the limbs of which she had not been conscious before. Her eyelids drooped, and she lifted them with an effort. There was a faint prickling in the palms of her hands and the soles of her feet. The beating of her heart, which had been like the wild fluttering of a bird against the bars of a cage, slowed to a heavy, measured throbbing at longer intervals. The shrill laughter of the women at the table sounded metallic, unreal, and far away. A mist rose between her and the faces to which a few minutes ago she had turned a vainly appealing gaze.

(To be concluded.)

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take **Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets**. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Tears, tears, idle tears.
Why should women shed?
Why not make the little tears
Gaily laugh instead?

Life, stern, fitful life
Calls for all that cheers;
Why then strive, with sorrow rife,
After futile tears?

Tears, tears, idle tears.
All too prone to fall;
Happy those who through the years
Never weep at all.

Laugh, smile, grief defy,
Gladness be and gay;
Better far that you and I
Chase the tears away.

Mexican Proverbs.

He who never ventures will never cross the sea.

There's no gain without pain.
Flies cannot enter a closed mouth.
Behind the cross is the devil.
A cat in gloves will never catch rats.
To the hungry no bread is dry.
A book that is shut makes no scholar.

Breathing Disease.

Infectious diseases are breathed into the system from those affected with disease or from bad smells; yet how many women breathe daily the offensive steam from common soaps made from rancid fats, and keep their hands for hours in such solutions, and the clothing from such soaps is worn next the tender skin. No wonder disease and eczema are prevalent! Users of Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—know the difference between that and the pure, healthful smell from the vegetable oils and pure edible fats in Sunlight Soap.

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Carpet Squares

These carpet squares are made up by ourselves of the ends of the best Tapestry, Brussels, Velvets, Wiltons, and Axminster carpets, perhaps the most desirable and popular patterns of the season, which accounts for only ends being left. You pay just for the actual amount of carpet purchased, and the price is from one-third to one-half the regular price. Here are the details:

Tapestry, 11 x 8 3/4, \$12; 12 1/2 x 10 6, \$16.25; 14 x 12 9, \$21.
Brussels, 9 1/2 x 8 3/4, \$16; 13 1/4 x 10 6, \$25; 15 x 10 6, \$28; 15 1/4 x 12 9, \$32.
Velvets, 10 6 x 10 6, \$21; 13 1/2 x 10 6, \$28; 14 1/2 x 12 9, \$33.
Wiltons and Axminsters, 7 1/2 x 7 1/2, \$13.25; 10 1/2 x 10 6, \$23; 11 1/2 x 9 9, \$24; 13 1/2 x 10 6, \$29.

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A good laundress washes the shirt first.
No evil will endure a hundred years.
When the river is passed the saint is forgotten.

He who has little has little to fear.
If the pill were not bitter it would not be gilt.

Do not trust your money to those who keep their eyes on the floor (make an outward sign of piety).

Wind and good luck do not last.
Don't take a pawn that must be fed.
It is good fishing in troubled waters.

A frugal rich father and a spendthrift son.
No word is ill-spoken if it is not ill-understood.

A tongue may inflict a deeper wound than a sword.

When washing greasy dishes or pots and pans, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder), will remove the grease with the greatest ease.

The young man or woman who would succeed in this busy business age must possess himself or herself of a

Sound Business Training
such as is received here—expert teachers—thorough methods.

British American Business College
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David Hoskins, C.A., Principal.

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'Phone Main 1862 and we will do the rest. Reasonable prices and the best work.
A card or 'phone will bring you our prices.

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Can save money by getting their underwear in Toronto. For warm days and cool evenings. —JAEGER'S GAUZE affords perfect comfort and safety. United garments—long and short legs. We will pay express charges to Muskoka or any part of Ontario.

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makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble, no waste. In small and large bottles from all grocers.

GUARANTEED PURE. 100

In every town and village may be had, the

Mica Axle Grease

that makes your horses glad.

Made by Imperial Oil Co.

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Always something to dye or clean—the year round. We do this work for you with completest satisfaction.

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Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

W. H. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. *W. H. Wood*

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

O'Keefe's Special

Turn It Upside Down

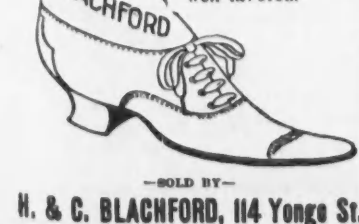
—DRINK IT ALL—
—NO DREGS—
—NOT CARBONATED—

The success attained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented. A single trial will convince. To be had at all hotels and dealers.

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OF TORONTO, Limited

'Hagar' Shoes

add to the beauty of a pretty foot, and improve one not so well favored.



SOLD BY—
H. & C. BLACHFORD, 114 Yonge St.



THE Beaufoy Romances, a collection of old-time tales, by Hamilton Drummond, concerning episodes in the lives of the Seigneurs de Beaufoy, of the rulers of France, and of the men-at-arms who hired to one or other their courage and strength, have a certain fascinating style and flavor. Might, not right, was ruler in provincial France in the early half of the fifteenth century, and robbery, murder and oppression hid behind knightly and noble shields. The Seigneur de Beaufoy was not ever worse, and often better, than his contemporaries, and the rude, rough, masterful nature of him, punished so amply for error and groping up from semi-barbarism to right and truth, with crude but unswerving traditions of honor and faith and capacity for much good, in spite of self-will and wrong-headedness, appeals to the modern reader, even while he recoils from touches of brutality and cynicism. Each little romance shows Beaufoy in some dilemma or scene of impulse which brings out admirably the flavor of his times. The episode of the hunting-gloves, poisoned by and sent from Catherine de Medici to her son, the King of France, by a false friend, is dramatic in the extreme, and is perhaps the gem of the book. The book, which is well illustrated by A. Van Anrooy, and handsomely bound, is brought out by the Copp, Clark Company (Limited).

"A Modern Trafalgar," by A. C. Curtis, peers into the naval warfare of the future, and will delight those who are interested in the fighting men who go down to the sea in ships. Marvels are related with the nonchalance of the accustomed, and the book will be a summer favorite. The Copp, Clark Company (Limited) publish it.

The first edition of Mr. E. W. Sandys' book, "Upland Game," which forms the second of the series brought out by Macmillan as the "Sportsman's Library," is entirely sold out. From east and west the critics have sent words of commendation, much praise being given to the breezy narrative style of the author, who writes always from personal experience, and in a very happy manner.

The Bain Book Company, Yonge street, informs us that the following were the six best-selling books, in the order of demand, during the month of June:

1. "The Mississippi Bubble." Hough.
2. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Hegan.
3. "Thrall of Leif the Lucky." Liljenkrantz.
4. "The Lady Paramount." Harland.
5. "Truth Dexter." McCall.
6. "Sir Richard Calmady." Malet.

The City Incurable.

Hark! 'Tis the roar of labor,
A ceaseless, deafening sound,
Now from the trembling scaffolds,
Now from the yawning ground;
Not the red fires of Vulcan,
Nor Cyclops' pristine powers,
Could match the feats of magic
Who shape this world of ours!

With myriad panting engines,
With countless picks and drills,
They arch the threatening rivers,
They pierce the hostile hills;
In smog and smother and lightning
Earth's captive forces play,
To wield with Titan touches
The city of to-day.

Still from their sunken footholds
Those cobweb buildings rise
Whose pines ray back the morning,
Whose foreheads touch the skies;
While many a crowded workshop,
And tolling mill and mine,
Yield up its costly treasures
To make them fair and fine.

Yet, void of civic honor,
Of justice, light and law,
What were the proudest structures
That e'er the round world saw?
Rome was a queenly empire,
But power and wealth and state
And fame and triumphs failed her,
With sons no longer great.

Firm stand the nation's bulwarks,
Her fortunes wax and wane,
While Virtue guards her hearthstones,
And Truth, her market-place;
Lo, theirs are streets and temples
That dwarf the courts of kings—
A free and glorious city
Of incorporeal things!

—Dora Read Goodale, in "Youth's Companion."

Baby's Own Tablets

For Weak and Sickly Children During the Hot Weather.

Thousands of children die during the hot weather months, because summer complaints and stomach troubles come suddenly, and mothers do not have the means at hand to promptly check and cure them. In homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used these precious little lives can be saved, and no home where there are infants and young children should be without them.

Baby's Own Tablets will promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles, and are a great relief to teething children. The Tablets are sold under a positive guarantee that they contain neither opiate nor harmful drug. Crushed to a powder they can be given with absolute safety to a new born babe. Mrs. R. Ferguson, 105 Mansfield street, Montreal, says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and have found them the best medicine I have ever given my children. My baby has always been small and delicate, and suffered so much last summer with his teeth that I did not think he would live. Then he was attacked with dysentery, a feverish skin and cough. As the doctor's medicine did not help him, I sent for Baby's Own Tablets, and they did him a wonderful amount of good, and he is now getting on splendidly. I gladly give my experience for the benefit of other mothers." If your druggist does not keep these Tablets they will be sent by mail, postpaid, at 25 cents a box, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

Art Photography.

THE new art photography is very attractive and a boon to the homely girl for which she will be eternally grateful, but it has its disadvantages. A man discovered the latter fact about a month ago, when he received the photograph of a beautiful creature whom he did not in the least recognize. He examined the likeness that was not a likeness by daylight, by gaslight and by the



"What d'yer call the new baby, Aurelia?"
"Peace!"—"Punch."

ghastly glare of an arc light. He looked at the handwriting on the cover, and it conveyed not an idea to his stupid masculine head. Then he gave it up.

"Blest if I know who it is," said he to himself, "but if I ever meet her my bachelor days are over, sure, for she's the prettiest thing ever."

Just last week after he'd cherished the photo of his unknown admirer for a good fortnight, he met his second cousin on the street.

Now, his second cousin is a very amiable young woman, but she isn't in the way of being beautiful, and when she greeted him with—

"Well, Fritz, why haven't you acknowledged the photograph I was good enough to send you?" the man was staggered.

"I never received it, that's why," said he. "I'd love to have a likeness of you, Mab, but you've never sent me one."

"I have sent you one, nearly a month ago, taken in my bridesmaid's gown and with a big chiffon hat on. Now, don't tell me you never received it, for I'm sure you did, and have forgotten."

"Was that you?" exclaimed the man, and then he felt that this was among the things better left unsaid, and he weakly hedged.

"Course I got it," said he. "I just wanted to jolly you a bit. Splendid of you, too."

"What did the man do to her?" he asked his sister half an hour later. "I declare to you I'd never recognize her in the world."

"Well, he drew a line down her nose to make it look less—er—well, less rouged," replied that world-wise young lady, "and he curved her mouth with rouge, and made her eyes larger in the negative, and really I think it's a very creditable work of art. I'm going to him myself."

The man didn't say a word, but he made up his mind to something, and now when people show him a photograph of "my lovely niece down South," or "my sister, who's the beauty of Denver," he glances at it curiously and then he says gently, "It's a very pretty picture, but I should like to see the original."

Subjects of Thought.

From "Waverley Magazine."

While we gladly accord honor to the courage of active heroism, let us not forget also to reverence the courage of patient endurance, the courage of absolute sincerity, the courage of devotion to principle. He who possesses these is indeed a brave man, though no one may recognize it and he himself be unconscious of it.

The hope that inspires effort is always a blessing. Not only does it strengthen the human faculties and improve the character; it also makes rapid advancement in its own line, even when failing to reach its far-off goal.

The heart is always hungry. No man lives happily alone. The wisest and the best is wiser and better for the friends he has.

Generosity, to deserve the name, comprises the desire and the effort to benefit others, without reference to self.

It is poor policy to take advantage of other people because you have never had any advantage of your own.

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

It is a maxim that those to whom everybody allows the second place have an undoubted right to the first.

The world's greatest men and best reformers were light weight when weighed in the scales of bigotry.

Love's a virtue for heroes; and immortal as every great soul is that struggles, endures and fulfills.

Reading should teach us how to seek for truth, meditation how to find it.

The doorstep to the temple of wisdom is a knowledge of our own ignorance.

Fixed to no spot is happiness; 'tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere.

His Epitaph.

Mexicans are fond of epitaphs, they rejoice in eulogies, they like to honor their dead. Their attachment for relatives is great, and monuments and flower-strewn graves show that the departed are not forgotten. The deceased may have left a bad record, and his friends may be anxious that his conduct should be forgotten; still, this does not debar him from a neatly worded eulogy.

Just outside of the cemetery at Vera Cruz there stands a fine monument which marks the resting-place of a notorious outlaw, whose cruelty and violence made his name a constant menace to all peace and order. His wife, in spite of harsh treatment, was his faithful servant to the last, and after his death thought

that she should show her respect for his memory.

She could not speak of his nobility and worth, and so, after much consideration, she caused the following inscription to be engraved upon the tomb: "Juan Fernandez has passed to his reward; he was an unerring shot and knew no fear; owing to circumstances over which he had no control his talents were perverted from their proper course, but the world should be grateful for his life, as his example stands as a timely warning to the rising generation."

A Dog Strategist.

The owner of an old shepherd dog tells many stories which go to prove that although the animal—Don by name—is less active than in his youth, his intelligence is by no means on the decline. The colic has been much annoyed by the conduct of a neighbor's dog which is too lazy to bury bones for his own consumption, but greatly enjoys unearthing the treasures of others. When Don had been deprived of several choice stores in this annoying way, he evidently meditated over the matter, and at last a bright idea came to him. One day after dinner, when the neighbor's dog was out of the way, Don began to dig a hole, not far from where his master sat watching him. The hole was unusually deep; in it he deposited a large and still highly desirable bone. Then he covered it well with earth, disappeared for a moment, and came trotting back with a small bone which had seen its best and second best days, but was still good enough, in Don's opinion, for a thief. This bone he laid on the earth which hid the big one, and scraped the earth over it with elaborate care. His master had the satisfaction of knowing that the ruse was successful, for early the next morning he saw the thief hastily leaving the premises with the small bone in his mouth. Later in the day Don reaped the reward of his wisdom, as he sat munching and crunching the big bone at his leisure.

A Positive Man.

He Seems Able to Prove the Truth of What He Says.

Mr. Chalker Makes Some Very Strong Statements—Explains That He Is Prepared to Prove the Truth of Every Assertion He Makes.

Housety's Rapids, Ont., July 28.—(Special.)—Mr. George C. Chalker, a well-known resident of this place, has authorized the publication of a letter containing some very startling statements.

Those who know Mr. Chalker will not ask any proof of the truth of any statement he makes, but to convince those who do not know him, he has announced that he is prepared to substantiate in every detail the truth of his published statement, which is as follows:

"It is with pleasure that I certify to the merits of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I was laid up with Kidney Trouble and was so bad that I could not do a day's work. My back was very sore, I had heavy aching arms, dull bloated eyes. I was very weak and much reduced in weight.

"After I had used six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills I was ten pounds heavier. I often wonder about the powerful virtue of this medicine. I do not know anything about what Dodd's Kidney Pills are said to cure, but I know a great deal about what they will actually do for Lane Back and Kidney Trouble, and I can prove it.

"They are worth their weight in gold to anyone suffering as I suffered. The six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me completely and there has been no return of my old trouble. That is over three years ago, and I still enjoy good health."

This is, indeed, a very strong testimonial for Dodd's Kidney Pills and one which will have very great weight with all who have the pleasure of Mr. Chalker's acquaintance or friendship.

Dodd's Kidney Pills have made many friends and are to-day, without doubt, the most popular family medicine.

Abyssinia's Peculiar Currency.

The currency of Abyssinia is somewhat varied, to judge by an account of it given by Count Gleichen in his story of the mission to Menekle, reprinted in the "Popular Science Monthly." For standard money the people use the Maria Theresa dollars of 1780, but for small change a very different "coin" is employed.

This is no other than bars of hard crystallized salt, about ten inches long and two and a half square, slightly tapering toward the end. Five of these bars pass for a dollar at the capital.

People are very particular about the standard of fineness of the currency. If

Catch On

It won't hurt you.
Catch the habit of drinking
Ludella Ceylon Tea.

Fashionable Footwear



for warm weather wear. High-class shoes for ladies and misses. Also a full and fine line of seasonable footwear for men and boys.

Men's Canvas Lace Boots, all sizes and the newest lasts, at \$1.25 to \$3.50
Men's Canvas Tennis Boots, in brown, white and blue (Granny make) at \$1.00 and \$1.50
A well assorted stock of ladies' one, two, three, four and eight strap slippers, in Vel Kid and Patent Leather, \$1.25 to \$5.00

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The St. Leger Shoe Co.

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92 and 482 QUEEN ST. WEST

For Camp

Clark's Canned Meats and Clark's Pork and Beans are perfect in quality and reasonable in price.

W. CLARK, Montreal

it does not ring like metal when struck with the finger-nail, or if it is cracked or chipped, they will not take it. It is a token of affection when friends meet to give each other a lick of their respective amolis, and in this way the value of the bar is decreased.

Smaller change than a bar of salt is sometimes needed, and then the natives have recourse to cartridges. Three cartridges pass for one bar of salt. It does not matter what sort of cartridges they are. Some sharpshooters use their cartridges in the ordinary way, and then put in dust and a dummy bullet to make up the difference, and others take out the powder and put in the bullet again.

Woe to the unlucky man who has parted with his goods for such money! When next he is fighting, and puts his hand into his belt, he finds only misfires there. He is so well accustomed to such a fraud, however, that he takes little notice of it. A bad cartridge seems to answer for money as well as a good one.

Coin collectors will possibly find it hard to get specimens of the salt, but cartridges may easily be found.

A Few Aphorisms.

A man seldom exhibits his temper unless he loses it.

The tongue is a pump used to induce a flow of conversation.

When a man contracts expensive habits his income needs expanding.

Many a man's hypocrisy is due to the fact that he has a scolding wife.

It is usually to-morrow that all remarkable things are expected to happen.

Flattery consists of having your secret opinion of yourself expressed in the language of others.

Some people after casting a crust of bread upon the waters, think they should get a bowl of milk toast in return.

Pat Enquired.

Pat went to a race-course the other day, and fell in with a number of sporting friends who were betting on the races. He was urged to bet, but steadfastly refused until he saw two of his friends win a large sum on one of the races. Finally, after much urging, he put half a crown on a horse, from which moment he became deeply interested. As the horses came past the judge's box Pat's fingers clutched the back of the seat and his eyes were wide with excitement. The horse on which he had bet finished sixth. Without a word, but with a look of deep disgust, he got up and hurried down to the paddock where the jockeys were. Calling the youngster who had ridden that particular horse aside, Pat enquired in deeply injured tones:

"In hivin's name, young man, phwat detained ye?"

It Couldn't be Worse.

Mrs. Mellem is one of those inoffensive persons who are continually dreading that they may, by some mischance, hurt the feelings of others. Added to this, she has had considerable trouble in getting a suitable cook, and does not wish to offend her.

"John," she said to the man-servant, on the morning following the party, "do you happen to know whether—that is—I mean, can you find out, without asking the cook, whether the tinned salmon was all eaten last night? You see, I don't wish to ask her because she may

EXPERIENCE COMMANDS ATTENTION.

"To my mind, and judging from my own experience, no product of the cereal (wheat) can be compared to Shredded Wheat." In a word, I bear willing testimony to its excellence as nutritive, both for those of delicate digestion and those in robust health, and I feel sure a fair trial would convince the most skeptical of its value.

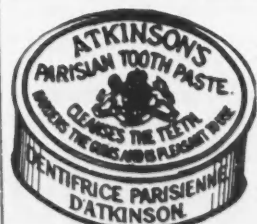
"SARAH FRANCES HALL."

Shredded Wheat

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

FOR RENT

A large business office on ground floor, and two small offices on first floor of Saturday Night Building, 26-28 Adelaide Street West. . . . Terms moderate. . . . Apply on premises. . . .



A Well Known
Dentifrice
Sold in Canada Since 1854

have eaten it, and then she would feel uncomfortable," added the good soul. "If you please, ma'am," replied the man, "the new cook has eaten the tinned salmon; and if you was to say anything to her you couldn't make her more uncomfortable than she is."



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

VOL. 15. TORONTO, AUGUST 2, 1902. NO. 38.

To Our Readers.

Subscribers who contemplate a change of address for a few weeks will confer a favor by notifying this office early. Any irregularity in delivery by our agents should be promptly reported. No trouble to change your address and no postage to pay. If you buy "Saturday Night" on the street ask this office to send it to you while on vacation. Terms, five cents weekly.



WITH the present season promising to be the most successful in the history of the game of tennis, some observations of M. Jussier, a French writer who has recently written a book entitled "Sports and Games of Ancient France," will be of interest to devotees of the sport. Tennis, it seems, is not an invention of the latter-day amusement creators, but so far back as the thirteenth century it had attained to such popularity in France as almost to have reached the status of a national game. To quote from the writer mentioned, "among the games pure and simple which had great popularity that archery was neglected for them, the jeu de paume, or game of tennis, held from early times the most prominent place in France. Everybody played it, kings as well as their subjects; even monks were addicted to it, and the Council of Sens prohibited their playing, especially 'in their shirts and in public.' The people were so passionately devoted to this game and others of the same kind that they often left their work on week days to go and play; and various regulations were made at different times, either to suppress such games or to allow them only on Sundays. In England, whither they had been imported, their practice had likewise to be restricted. In 1292, there were thirteen manufacturers of tennis balls in Paris, while there were only eight book-sellers. The French balls were considered the best in Europe. In Louis XI's time, the manufacturers complained that there were dishonest people who made spurious imitations of balls, containing lime, sand, and other materials, which made them heavy and injurious; and the king issued an ordinance to the effect that they should be made of good leather and good stuffing, on penalty of a fine and the burning of all bad balls—the proper stuffing being the hair of animals, usually of dogs. This explains the joke in 'Much Ado About Nothing' on the beard of Benedict. 'The barber's man has been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis balls.'"

The recent St. Matthew's tournament, although run off under most adverse weather conditions, which made the turf often very heavy, developed some excellent play. Those who were expert enough to be in the finals after a full week's play may be presumed to be thoroughly "on to the racket." The ladies' open singles was won by Mrs. Burgess, who defeated Mrs. Strikeman 6-2, and the ladies' handicap by Miss Taylor from Miss Summerhayes by 6-4, 9-7. In the final of the men's open singles, Cowan looked all over a winner, but sprained his ankle at the commencement of the third set, and was unable to continue. His opponent, McMaster, generously agreed to share the first prize with him. In the ladies' doubles Miss Hague and Mrs. Burgess beat Miss Summerhayes and Miss Blain; and in the men's doubles Messrs. R. Burns and Meldrum succumbed to Messrs. McMaster and McDonnell.

The initial performance of the famous English tennis experts, the Messrs. H. L. and R. F. Doherty, in the international tournament at Longwood, Mass., seems to indicate that the Davis International Cup, which is the big trophy at stake, may return with the brothers to England.

The recent tournament of the Western Ontario Bowling Association, held in London, is reported to have been the most successful in the history of lawn bowling in the West. The Labatt Trophy competition, the principal event of the tournament, was won by the rink of Mr. E. Weld of the London club—the first time since the inception of the annual tournaments that London has landed the main prize. A Mitchell rink skipped by Mr. William Elliott was runner-up, London winning by a score of 19 to 9. The Association prize was also won by a London rink, with Mr. T. S. Clarke as skip. In the consolation finals J. D. Tyler's London rink lost to D. Ross of Brussels. The doubles were won by Messrs. Tison and Hutchinson of Chatham.

Toronto bowlers, too, have not been idle of late, many close games serving to keep the city's enthusiasts in good condition. On the R.C.Y.C. lawn six rinks from the Canada Club were beaten by the yachtmen by 5 shots. The Canadas also played a tie with three Brampton rinks on the Avenue road lawns on Friday. Saturday was lucky day for Granite bowlers. In a game with Lorne Park they finished 31 shots to the good, and also won from five rinks of the Canada Club by a score of 68 to 54. Rain interrupted the St. Matthew's-Thistles game on the St. Matthew's lawn on Saturday, but when the shower came on the home players were up 15 shots. The Victorias also sent six rinks to Hamilton on the same day, where they lost to the Hamilton Thistles by 12 shots.

There was an interesting lot of cricket games scheduled for Saturday last, but the weather man is no respecter of



CANADIAN SCENES.—VII. ON THE NEPIGON.

games, and very few were played out. In the St. Albans-St. Mark's game the former had scored 52 runs for seven wickets when the floods came. A feature of the play was the batting of G. Robertson, who tallied 32 runs. On the Mimico Asylum grounds, Rosedale was beaten by Mimico by 136 to 92. Rosedale looked like winners until W. Whitaker for Mimico saved the day with 56 runs, not out. On the St. Albans grounds Parkdale were all out for 36, and St. Albans had scored 21 for three wickets when rain stopped the game.

Only the games of the Senior C.L.A. are said to have been worth watching in last Saturday's lacrosse events. The N.A.L.U., often ironically referred to as "the big league," offered nothing better than such unequal contests as those between the Capitals and Nationals at Ottawa, and the Shamrocks and Montreals in Montreal. The results in both cases were foregone conclusions, both the leaders winning in hollow fashion.

Of a very different order, however, were the games at St. Catharines and Orangeville. Brantford, who are pretty generally picked to win their district, met with a surprise at St. Catharines. The Athletics were in good shape, and cheered on by the largest crowd ever assembled in the history of lacrosse in St. Kitts, they smote the telephone twelve hip and thigh, winning by a score of 8 to 4. The game was fast and clean—an ideal exhibition of scientific lacrosse.

At Orangeville, the Tecumsehs were unable to hold the home team down, the Dufferins tallying 8 to their opponents' 2. Unless some startling innovations are made in the make-up of the Indians' twelve, they can hardly hope to control the movements of the feet Brantford bunch at the Island to-day.

The game at the Island on Monday between the Capitals and the Torontos is an important one, as it will practically determine the position the latter team is to occupy in the finals of the N.A.L.U.

In view of the conflicting testimony of the results of their meeting at the Harlem and Henley regattas, the coming together of Lou Scholes and C. S. Titus at the National Oarsmen's Regatta on Lake Quinsigamond on the 8th inst. will be worth watching. Scholes' Henley experiences are pretty generally taken to prove that he was the victim of ill luck, but having shaken this on his departure from the fateful Thames, he may be expected to again show Mr. Titus the way to the winning buoy. The Argonauts will also have some stiff opponents in the "eights" event, a victory over whom will be the next best thing to winning the Diamond Sculls.

A Strong Statement.

CHANCELLOR BURWASH of Victoria University contributes to the twenty-fifth anniversary number of the college paper, "Acta Victoriana," an important article on the relations of Victoria with the Provincial University, and incidentally on the broad question of university federation. In view of the position now occupied by Queen's as a quasi-provincial institution—a position which it may be difficult for the late Principal Grant's successor, whoever he may be, to maintain—every pronouncement by the head of a denominational college on the question of state aid to sectarian education becomes important. Chancellor Burwash, Provost Maclellan and Chancellor Wallace are all entitled to be heard. Chancellor Burwash, as head of the only denominational university that so far has actually joined hands with the provincial university, is peculiarly fitted to give an unbiased opinion. His sketch of the history of the federation movement in the article referred to is admirably clear and concise.

"In 1886 Victoria, Queen's and Trinity united in a common matriculation examination which reached all the High schools, and thus became provincial in its character and formed the first step toward the present departmental examination. But this, instead of bringing them more closely into touch with the provincial university seemed to array them in a united competition against Toronto on very nearly equal terms. At the very date when our university work in Ontario assumed this form of almost organized cleavage, the great movement over the American continent towards a higher form of university work was already fairly under way. Cornell and Johns Hopkins had just been founded, Harvard and Yale were pacing their work on a higher plane, and many other universities were feeling the stimulus of their example. Our Canadian colleges, for not one of them at that date had advanced beyond the status of a college, at least in their arts work, felt the impulse of the new life but were one and all without the means to attempt the advanced work. . . . All men engaged in university or college work at that time were aware of the pressing needs of the country and were convinced that those needs could be adequately met only by united action, and for that purpose the federation of the colleges of Ontario was proposed in a truly provincial university."

After outlining the factors involved in the successful operation of the scheme had it gone through. Chancellor Burwash continues:

"Four denominational colleges besides those already in affiliation with the University of Toronto, took part in the negotiations for federation, viz., Victoria, Queen's, Trinity and McMaster. It was evident from the beginning that federation involved to these institutions not merely sentimental sacrifice in giving up independence, but also heavy financial outlay. . . . The practical outcome of these difficulties has been that Victoria alone entered into federation; that Trinity and McMaster have maintained a neutral but not unfriendly independence, and that Queen's has inaugurated the antagonistic policy of converting itself into a second provincial university for Eastern Ontario, involving the duplication of the provisions for advanced work in all the scientific departments. This new policy of Queen's, supported by political and ecclesiastical influence, has constituted the embarrassing feature of the case, since the third

factor necessary to the success of the federation movement for the building up of a worthy provincial university was the co-operation of the Provincial Government and Legislature. The political influence of Queen's has thus far been sufficient to enable them to say effectively 'Whatever is done for Toronto must be done for us.' Hence the school of mines, etc., at Kingston; and as a result of this divided interest, the imperfection of the assistance rendered to Toronto; and thus instead of a fully equipped university the Province of Ontario finds itself with two institutions both rightly or wrongly needing and clamoring for more help."

Trinity University, there is now every reason to believe, will come into federal union with Toronto and Victoria as soon as the financial end of the bargain can be arranged. Sooner or later McMaster, which is duplicating much of the work of Toronto almost within a stone's throw of the latter's doors, will yet see the advantage of joining forces with the larger and better equipped university resulting from the combination of Victoria, Trinity and University Colleges. The Baptists are too sensible and business-like, and too accustomed to the idea of separating the functions of Church and State, not to perceive the advantages of committing secular subjects of study to a common university whilst retaining control over instruction along theological lines. Knox, St. Michael's and Wycliffe are theological schools pure and simple, and never having had university powers could not federate with the University, but they are and long have been in affiliation with it. Queen's is the only university which seems permanently lost to the wise and statesmanlike plan of a great and thoroughly equipped University of Ontario, equal to the best in the United States. Worse than that, Queen's insists that because it occupies a peculiar geographical position, the Government shall duplicate the full advantages of the provincial university for its special benefit. Chancellor Burwash maintains that "even the severance of formal denominational connection will scarcely justify that step unless it can be shown that a second State university or the duplicated work is a public necessity." Even amongst the Presbyterians there must be many who are fair enough and far-seeing enough to agree with a proposition so sound.

A Recent Musical Farce.

"THE DEFENDER," a new musical farce produced at the Herald Square Theater, New York, is a take-off of Sir "Tea" Lipton. In "The Defender" the owner of the challenging boat, "Hibernia" is represented as a paragon of all the human virtues and some traditionally Irish. Mere prose and spoken dialogue not being sufficient to express his merits, the chorus is frequently called upon to voice his praises, and in the end, just before the last curtain fall, "Sir Thomas Ceylon Teaton," as he is named in the play, comes down to the footlights and trolls a glee eulogizing the Anglo-Saxon, which sends the audience home on very good terms with itself. For some reason or other, the English-speakers of to-day take a peculiar delight in being reminded that they are Anglo-Saxon. It makes you think of the fellow who is always assuring you that he's a gentleman. Of course, that is neither here nor there; but no more is the libretto of "The Defender." The action jumps, without turning a hair, from the deck of the "Hibernia" to impertinent "specialties," and right on to a garden party at a Newport villa. The garden party is a wonder—nothing like it was ever seen, even at Newport. And as for banter, badinage and repartee—don't the Modishes wish they might talk as the librettists of "The Defender" make their "swells" talk! There are gay doings in the set in which "Sir Thomas Teaton" and his friends of "Defender" and "Hibernia" move at Newport. None of your conventional monde ou l'on s'ennuie for them. Whenever things get slow—and it happens now and then—some of the ladies and gentlemen run on deck or on the lawn and do vaudeville turns to drive dull care away. At the Newport garden party the men all appear in vari-colored plush suits with top hats to match, just like the haute-ecole equestrians at the circus. The party breaks up in a sort of a ticker-tape orgy, in which all the guests are bound together with miles of paper strips, from which escape seems as difficult as from the marital fetters of real life. The prettiest thing in "The Defender" is said to be a jingle entitled "In the Good Old Summer-time," sung and danced by Blanche Ring.

Womanish Emulations.

ONCE went to see a friend of mine who lived in a pretty little villa in a suburb, writes Geraldine Bonner in the "Argonaut." Her husband was in difficulties, which everybody knew. Money was exceedingly scarce with them. Every penny counted, and husband and wife were careworn with anxiety. When we went out on the balcony—which commanded a superb view—I saw it had been covered with new awnings. I asked her why she had bought them. She said promptly, and without embarrassment, that all the other houses in the neighborhood had them, and she didn't want hers to look different.

"But it's so unnecessary," I protested. "It's always so shady here."

"But I had to have them," she answered. "Don't you see all the other houses have them? Do you suppose I'd have done it if I hadn't had to? They cost fifty dollars, and we haven't a cent."

That fifty dollars had been achieved at what cost! Her face, pinched and haggard, told. She sat under her awnings, conscious that her house looked the same as the others, and deriving from that such satisfaction as she could.

Some time after I went to see another friend of mine who had just been furnishing a small house. She showed me all over it, and then sat down on the dining-room table and poured out a stream of lamentations as to the crushing expenses it had entailed. Her husband was on the verge of nervous breakdown. They did not really know how they

could pay for some of the things. It was terrible that they had had to spend so much money.

"Why did you spend it, then?" I asked.

"Spend it! I've thought of every nickel. Have I spent five dollars in this house that was unnecessary? Look around you."

I looked, and saw the sideboard. My friend had just told me it had cost seventy-five dollars. It was large, imposing, and very ugly—a machine-made product of the Middle West.

"You needn't have got the sideboard."

"What would you have had me do? Put the silver on the floor?"

"Why couldn't you have bought a simple pine table with varnished legs, and covered it with a pretty cloth?"

She gave an exclamation of angry impatience.

"Oh, that's just what I might have expected of you! Your housekeeping would be of 'the sheet-by-night-and-cloth-by-day' style."

"Well, just tell me why that wouldn't do? It takes up no more room, it needn't be any uglier, and it would cost, with the cover, say ten dollars."

"And what," she said in a tone of triumphant inquiry, "would I do when I had a lady's lunch here?"

That ended it. It wasn't that it was ugly, or inconvenient, it was what the lady's lunch would have said when they saw it was only a kitchen table with varnished legs.

When the women of this kind can be made to return to simplicity—to the country if they can, and if not that at least to the unfashionable locality where there is room to stretch one's arms and legs, air to breathe, and sun to look in at the windows, then something of the strain under which they live will be loosened, some of the burden that they now struggle under be lifted, and life will be better worth while. But what a waste! What a waste of fine years of energy, of youth, of health! One might give all these without regrets, almost willingly, for a great cause. But not for the relative value between a sideboard from Cedar Rapids and a kitchen table with varnished legs.

A Novelty in Church Architecture.

THE growing tendency against the erection of expensive church buildings adapted merely for use on a single day of the week is illustrated in the case of the structure about to be built for the congregation of the Broadway Tabernacle of New York. The old edifice having been sold, a new and unique one—a combination of church and office building—is to be reared at the corner of Broadway and Fifty-sixth street. The new Tabernacle will cost between \$320,000 and \$400,000, and will have an endowment fund of \$400,000. A sketch made by the architects, J. Stewart Barney and Henry Otis Chapman, shows how the church will appear when finished. The structure will have a relatively low front on Broadway, but at the rear it will rise to the height of ten stories. In this part the offices, all of which will be used by the organizations of the church, are to be located.

The main auditorium will seat 1,500 persons. Beneath it will be a lecture-room with a seating capacity of 600 and



Proposed New Broadway Tabernacle—A Novel New York Church Building.

a banquet-room in which 300 guests can be served. In the rear of the main auditorium will be a chapel named after the late famous pastor of the church, the Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor. Above this chapel will be the part occupied as offices. One floor will be given up to the Sunday school, and another will provide quarters for the activities of the women connected with the church. The third floor will be taken up by administrative offices and the studies of the pastor and his assistants. Above this will be the young men's floor, with club and assembly rooms. On the next floor the apartments of the sexton and his family will be located, and the top floor will be devoted to a church library and museum. The style of the new Tabernacle will be late Gothic and the materials of the exterior will be light brick and terra cotta. Pending its construction, the Rev. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson and his flock are holding religious services in Mendelssohn Hall, in Forty-fourth street.

The "Last Word" of Islam.

A FRENCH writer, M. Finot, gives us through the mouth of Sheikh Abdul Hagk of Bagdad, in "La Revue," the "last word of Islam to Europe." A few extracts will show the singular nature of this manifesto of Mohammedanism to Christendom:

"For us in the world there are only believers and unbelievers; love, charity, fraternity towards believers; contempt, disgust, hatred, and war against unbelievers. Amongst unbelievers the most hateful and criminal are those who, while recognizing God, attribute to Him earthly relationships, give Him a Son, a mother. . . . Learn then, European observers, that a Christian of no matter what position, from the simple fact that he is a Christian, is in our eyes a blind man fallen from all human dignity."

Other infidels have rarely been as aggressive towards us. But Christians in all times have shown themselves our bitterest enemies. . . . The only excuse you offer is that you reproach us with being rebellious against your civilization. Yes, rebellious, and rebellious till death!

But it is you, and you alone, who are the cause of this. . . . Great God! we are blind enough not to see the prodigies of your progress? . . . But know, Christian conquerors, that no calculation, no treasure, no miracle can ever reconcile us to your impious rule. Know that the mere sight of your flag here is torture to Islam's soul; your greatest benefits are so many spots sulling our conscience, and our most ardent aspiration . . . is to reach the happy day when we can efface the last vestiges of your accursed empire."

Before the Christian peril we have effaced the quarrels of our sects. Islamic unity is rising from one end of the world to the other. . . . The cause of Islam's sterility . . . is entirely in the fatal abyss created by your Churches between us and Western civilization."

Speaker Reed's Definition of Fame.

Here is a definition of fame given by ex-Speaker Reed at the Bowdoin commencement dinner: "Fame," said he, "is largely a matter of accident. Being in the right place at the right time, and doing the right thing, or better still, making people think you are doing the right thing, is about all there is to fame."

Some folks is all de time cryin' fer justice fer de yuther feller, but ef jesice ever knocked at dey own door dey'd hopel full half-way up de chimney dat dey an't at home—Atlanta "Constitution."

The Dark Career of the BILLY KIDD by Sid Howard.



A PERVERTED PIRACY.

Back in the gloom of six years the earlier history of the "Billy Kidd" loses itself in an atmosphere of careless uncertainty and the honest, sun-dried smell of fish. Tradition breaks only occasionally through the murk with little hints of her original occupation and the worthy intentions of her first owners. A staunch, thick-skinned, lap-streaked vessel is she, built for all weathers and all harbors, sharp-pointed stem and stern for running up on sandy beaches through the surf if need were. A thirty-three-foot Mackinaw, in short, built to catch fish—by which token her quartermaster that was to be (God spare his sinful soul) swears she was built for speed.

"Always made and providing she was a success in her business," quoth he. "A boat that can catch fish in the Great Lakes must be able to hump along pretty lively, now, I can tell ye."

But peace be. The quartermaster came to his deserts. Painted a homely drab, you can gaze at her as she lies at her mooring sniffling the breeze on the end of a chain fidgeting to get under way—and fairly smell the fish off her. Go aboard in the leaky, squat-rumped dingy, crawl on your hands and knees forward under the deck and lift the floor boards. Run your nose along the keelson—you may get more than a whiff of imagination's scenting. You will get the real thing. But she rides at her buoy this summer in company with single-stickers and deep-draughts, and she shrugs her shoulder in scorn at the very idea of the fish business. Her present crew are not fishers. They know vaguely of the craft's plebeian antecedents, and care much less. They are busy making new history for her.

Thirty-three feet long, ten feet beam, five hundred pounds of ballast, two sticks, and eight hundred and fifty feet of canvas, tend to give the "Billy Kidd" the portly dignity which comes of size and weight. She will carry thirty men on occasion—though she would much rather half that number were women. She will behave herself in reasonably fine weather with a crew of two—indeed one has been known to handle the "Billy Kidd" and coax her into a head wind. She will sail within a dozen points of the teeth of a gale, and, except away forward, keep her decks dry in the heaviest weather. Nor will she take backwater from any vessel of her class on Lake Ontario, and mighty little from the stately fresh-water aristocrats with the clean white topsails who don't know even the meaning of "fresh fish"—a staunch, well built, clean lined, comparatively sweet-smelling Mackinaw, manned by the black-hearted crew that ever made Saturday-to-Monday trips on the Great Lakes.

Seven men there are, swart, sun-burned lake roamers whose hands smell ever of marine and whose weather-beaten faces sag at the mouth-angles from the constant weight of tobacco pipes. From the skipper to the bo'swain each from habit grins fiercely in the face of danger and thinks no more of a souse of spray in the chest than a landsman thinks of a speck of dust in his eye. And spray, be it remembered, goes through a knitted wool jersey like a sieve. The ship's register reads as follows:

Skipper—Davy Jones.
First Mate—Alex. Conquer.
Second Mate—Kid Bravo.
Purser—Finn Dolphin.
Quartermaster—Kelson Fearless.
Bo'swain—Blackheart Godwin.
Steward—Able Robber.

Such are the names and ranks of that devil-daring crew known to all the coast from Frenchman's Bay to Oakville Harbor, in which latitude for many years they were to burn, pillage and destroy. For that is now the business of the "Billy Kidd," ravaging the Ontario shore, smuggling cigarettes from the United States of America into this His Majesty's duty-protected province of Canada, sacking peach orchards on the south shore and the hen-roosts on the northernmost coasts, stealing maidens from their village homes and Sunday schools and carrying them out to sea. A reckless band, but staunch. Monday morning is their only fear, blue Monday—a sailor's superstition. All Sunday they sail laughing over the deep. Monday they hold at arm's length while they may. With the forward hatches packed tight with the plunder of seven boarding-houses, the sheets belayed, a weather helm and all sail set, they sally forth theoretically each Saturday night on the warm land breeze, while the ripple slaps the windward quarter, the harbor lights flash low on the sky, and all the lake spreads out around them in the dark. Then, though any pirate of the crew seldom shrinks from the utmost deeds of violence, from the blackest of puns, each nevertheless grows thoughtful and sighs for the days of their departed innocence with the tender sentiment of poetry. But such moods with such men do not last. A song arises. The bo'swain away forward on the windward deck has broken forth in his weather-beaten voice, and all the crew join in the chorus. It is the old-time "En Roulant Ma Boule," but set to rough sailor-men's words:

"The lake is dark.
The waves roll high.
There's lots more wind
Up in the sky."

Chorus—"Belay the sheets,
And go below.
And go below,
And go below,
Belay the sheets,
And go below,
And hold her down
For 'To-be-co."

Such is the crew of the "Billy Kidd," careless, free-hearted, and such is the "Billy Kidd" herself, rough and ready, disdainful of convention.

It was a foggy Sunday morning that the "Billy Kidd" first backed her jib and fell away from her mooring at the foot of York street with her new-manned windward deck and her fresh spring coat of paint. A damp east wind was sifting through the fog, catching the "Billy Kidd" on the beam as she bore away to the south. Steamboats loomed up on her weather bow and to leeward as she lay over and footed across the bay. Great grey yachts glided ghostly into the patch of fog-cleared open water spread immediately about her in a haze-bound circle. Otherwise the harbor lay shrouded with the city docks gradually wrapping themselves in mist as they dropped astern.

Davy Jones, round-backed, oil-skinned, sat on the deck, his great sun-browned hand resting on the tiller. He stooped to squint under the boom, roving his black, wind-wet eyes over the curtain of fog. The windward deck

hugged its shoulder high in air and bay water boiled along his lee combing.

"She can travel some," said Davy, feeling the tiller gently.

"That's what she was built for," agreed the mate, bracing himself with his other foot.

A strong puff came pushing on the canvas and the skipper ran her up a bit till she settled on her keel and shook some of the wind off her.

"That stone-hooker had double tucks in everything," observed the bo'swain from his station on the fore-sheet, rolling his quid farther back in his cheek.

"And the deep-draught's topsails were down under deck somewhere."

The skipper eased her off until her masts leaned at 45 degrees.

"I like to reef when I have to," said he, for such was the spirit of that crew.

"There's some kind of a craft ahead here, captain. Look out for her."

It was the voice of Able Robber away forward on the jib.

"What is she?" cried the captain, anxiously, thoughts of plunder darting through his shaggy head like blue fluid flashes of electricity.

"Fog's too thick to see through," replied Able. "But by the sound of it I should say it was a grampus."

"One of them naphtha grunters," ejaculated the boatswain. "Fair game for any honest, decent-living sailor-men."

"Take in your sheets, then," cried the skipper, "and we'll blanket her, whatever she is."

"Ay, ay," agreed the black-sweated crew enthusiastically.

The "Billy Kidd" edged three points closer into the wind, her canvas flattened down like great grey plates of steel.

Puff, puff, puff.

"Can you see her there, up forward?" cried the skipper, straining his eyes over the bowsprit.

"There she blows," cried the bo'swain in the immortal words of Long Tom the Whaler, as the puffing grampus glimmered through the threadbare fog. Another moment and she was plainly in view. A wild light leaped from under hatches into the skipper's eye.

"Haul down on your headsails!" he shouted. "Haul 'em in."

Not another inch of slack could the eager crew drag into the blocks. The "Billy Kidd," however, was doing nobly.

"We've got her wind," cried the quartermaster, exultingly. "She can't escape us."

"Those stink pots don't need wind, worse luck," said the skipper, bitterly. All the savage ferocity of his untamed nature, all the unutterable contempt of your true sailor for machinery and artificial horse-power, burst forth from the captain's strong white teeth.

"Damn them," said he, hoarsely.

The vessels were now almost alongside. Three people sat aboard the stranger, a fat man at the tiller in the stern, a tall, long-backed individual manipulating the stink apparatus, and a bit of a boy.

The "Billy Kidd's" crew were in the very act of smiling in fiendish triumph when there came a terrific shock. The brave vessel shuddered, turned pale, heeled to one side, and stood still. At the same instant the stranger also stopped dead on her course. Ahead the fog; about the two the fog-bound circle of open water. For a breath the "Billy Kidd" looked at herself in blank astonishment. Danger which she could understand she feared not, but this! In the stink-pot, too, all was confusion. Suddenly as a blast from the fog-horn came the voice of Davy Jones, the skipper.

"Ease off your sheets, you yaps, you potato-fed pig-feeders! It's a farm you should be on, not a boat."

Instantly there was a creaking of blocks and a great flapping of canvas.

"Stand by to raise the centerboard," was the next order.

"She's jammed like a sausage," groaned the bo'swain, straining his back.

"Up with her, I say!" roared the skipper with some impatience.

Four of the intrepid crew bore a hand, and the great centerboard came up off the bottom.

"Hold her there till we get out of this," commanded the captain. "Haul in your sails and get some way on her."

The "Billy Kidd," righting herself, moved forward gingerly.

"Ready, about!" sang the skipper, jamming the tiller over with his foot and hugging the main boom to his chin with both hands.

Always slow in stays, the "Billy Kidd" paused now for want of breath, panting weakly, her nose in the wind, but drifting rapidly to leeward.

"Back your jib, there!" roared the skipper again.

The jib was hauled to windward and her head fell off before the breeze.

"Will we give her the board now?" shouted the boatswain as she gathered way.

"Not yet, not yet!" shouted the skipper.

The naphtha stink was now ten fathoms to windward, the crew rolling her about, hopeless and helpless, in the vain effort to get her off the sand.

"It looks like Seagram's from here," observed the mate.

"Not yet, not yet!" shouted the skipper.

"Stand by to man the dingy," cried the captain, running his vessel, now safely in deep water, up into the wind, and starving her to a standstill.

Not pity, but the smell of plunder, stirred that hairy breast. A coil of rope was thrown aboard and the second mate climbed into the stern. The boatswain took the oars and pulled away.

The fat man hung perilously over the stern, the edge of his stink pot sinking three inches into the soft fleshiness of his amidships. He still held the bottle out to his enemies.

"It is Seagram's," said the mate. "I can see the label. What, ho! there," he continued, as the boat drew up under their counter.

"For God's sake, boys, have a drink," said the fat man. The boatswain dropped his oar and reaching up for the bottle, removed the cork and applied it to his nose.

"Seagram's, all right," he muttered.

"Let me have a smell," commanded the mate, exerting his authority as superior officer. He reached for the bottle, but the boatswain absent-mindedly handed him the cork.

Then that evil-minded boatswain, placing the neck of the bottle in his teeth, raised his eyes impudently to the sky.

"Seagram's, sure enough," grunted he, coming back to sea level.

"Don't be too sure," said the mate, reaching forward again.

"You can't be too sure," replied the bo'swain, fixing his gaze once more aloft.

"Well, boys, can you help us?" demanded the fat man finally.

"Take this line," said the mate, wiping his lips on the sleeve of his jersey, "and make it fast. One man stay aboard and rock her and the other two come aboard the dingy."

All was now activity. Leaving the skinny man on board his boat, the dingy carried the line back to the "Billy Kidd," waiting in the offing. The sails were then filled and she stood off on the starboard tack, the wallowing stink pot on the end of the tow-ropes.

"She's moving!" yelled the skinny man, who was rushing from side to side, busy as a walking-beam. "Give it to her; all together!"

"He talks as if we were a tug-o-war team," said Davy Jones, contemptuously.

Gradually the stink-pot slid into deep water, and the fat man, still in the dingy, heaved a volcanic sigh of relief.

"Pass that bottle to your friends," said he to the boatswain, a speech that did much to allay the hot-tempered hate of that wild, jealous crew.

"Cast off your line!" yelled the skipper. "Put those men back where you got 'em, and come aboard with the dingy."

"Hold on!" cried the fat man. The skinny man was shouting something.

"What's the matter with him?" demanded the skipper.

"Stink apparatus out of order, sir," translated the boatswain from the dingy.

"You'll not desert us?" ventured the fat man, perspiration rolling down his pudgy cheeks.

"Where do you tie up?" demanded the skipper.

"Sherbourne street," replied the fat man.

"Go aboard your craft," said Davy. "We'll tow you over."

"You'll never regret it, boys," said the fat man. "Keep the bottle, friends, and welcome."

"There's nothing in it," said the steward, who had been, even now, investigating.

"I'll send another back with your dingy," called the fat man.

"What a pity he ain't a member of the band," said the steward.

Suddenly at this juncture the fog lifted, disclosing the

"They'll only wallow themselves deeper into the mud, chuckled the skipper.

The fat man turned to the "Billy Kidd" in silent supplication, holding a bottle stretched forth in his hand.

"We can't leave them thus," said the steward.

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The fat man turned to the "Billy Kidd" in silent supplication, holding a bottle stretched forth in his hand.

"We can't leave them thus," said the steward.

"It looks like Seagram's from here," observed the mate.

"Stand by to man the dingy," cried the captain, running his vessel, now safely in deep water, up into the wind, and starving her to a standstill.

Not pity, but the smell of plunder, stirred that hairy breast. A coil of rope was thrown aboard and the second mate climbed into the stern. The boatswain took the oars and pulled away.

The fat man hung perilously over the stern, the edge of his stink pot sinking three inches into the soft fleshiness of his amidships. He still held the bottle out to his enemies.

"It is Seagram's," said the mate. "I can see the label. What, ho! there," he continued, as the boat drew up under their counter.

"For God's sake, boys, have a drink," said the fat man. The boatswain dropped his oar and reaching up for the bottle, removed the cork and applied it to his nose.

"Seagram's, all right," he muttered.

"Let me have a smell," commanded the mate, exerting his authority as superior officer. He reached for the bottle, but the boatswain absent-mindedly handed him the cork.

Then that evil-minded boatswain, placing the neck of the bottle in his teeth, raised his eyes impudently to the sky.

"Seagram's, sure enough," grunted he, coming back to sea level.

"Don't be too sure," said the mate, reaching forward again.

"You can't be too sure," replied the bo'swain, fixing his gaze once more aloft.

"Well, boys, can you help us?" demanded the fat man finally.

"Take this line," said the mate, wiping his lips on the sleeve of his jersey, "and make it fast. One man stay aboard and rock her and the other two come aboard the dingy."

All was now activity. Leaving the skinny man on board his boat, the dingy carried the line back to the "Billy Kidd," waiting in the offing. The sails were then filled and she stood off on the starboard tack, the wallowing stink pot on the end of the tow-ropes.

"She's moving!" yelled the skinny man, who was rushing from side to side, busy as a walking-beam. "Give it to her; all together!"

"He talks as if we were a tug-o-war team," said Davy Jones, contemptuously.

Gradually the stink-pot slid into deep water, and the fat man, still in the dingy, heaved a volcanic sigh of relief.

"Pass that bottle to your friends," said he to the boatswain, a speech that did much to allay the hot-tempered hate of that wild, jealous crew.

"Cast off your line!" yelled the skipper. "Put those men back where you got 'em, and come aboard with the dingy."

"Hold on!" cried the fat man. The skinny man was shouting something.

"What's the matter with him?" demanded the skipper.

"Stink apparatus out of order, sir," translated the boatswain from the dingy.

"You'll not desert us?" ventured the fat man, perspiration rolling down his pudgy cheeks.

"Where do you tie up?" demanded the skipper.

"Sherbourne street," replied the fat man.

"Go aboard your craft," said Davy. "We'll tow you over."

"You'll never regret it, boys," said the fat man. "Keep the bottle, friends, and welcome."

"There's nothing in it," said the steward, who had been, even now, investigating.

"I'll send another back with your dingy," called the fat man.

"What a pity he ain't a member of the band," said the steward.

Suddenly at this juncture the fog lifted, disclosing the

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"Mr. Dooley" on Discipline.

NENT the troubles of the United States in the Philippines, "Mr. Dooley" has again taken his pen in hand and makes some observations on the difference between the treatment of a police officer and an army officer, when accused of cruelty. If a policeman makes a slip, "another round-headed man pushes him into a cell, an impartial jury iv men that's had throuble with th' polis before convicts him with three cheers."

"Now, suppose Gilligan's father when he was young had looked him over an' said: 'Agathy, Michael's head is perfectly round. It's like a base-ball. 'Tis so peccolier. An' he has a fightin' face. 'Tis no good thryin' to tache him a thrade. Let's make a sojer iv him.' An' he went into th' army. If he'd done there what he's done in th' patch, 'tis Gin'ral Gilligan he'd be be this time—Gin'ral Gilligan stormin' th' heights iv San Joan hill; Gin'ral Mike Gilligan spindin' th' havesas corpus in th' Ph'lippeens an' th' anti-imperialists at home; Gin'ral Mike Gilligan capturin' Aggyndaloo, an' he'd do it with bare hands an' without th' aid iv a mustache; Gin'ral Mike Gilligan abolishin' th' third reader; Gin'ral Mike Gilligan discorsin' to th' public on 'Books I have niver read: Series wan, th' Hishtry iv th' United States.' If his foot slips an' he grows a little cross with a pris'ner iv war on th' way to th' station an' drops his soord or his club on th' top iv him, is he up before th' judge an' thried be a jury iv his peers? Officer Mike, yes; Gin'ral Mike, no.

"Gin'ral Mike has no peers. He recayves a letter notifyin' him that he has broken a human skull divine an' th' regulations iv th' army an' must be thried. 'Who will me brave frind have go through with this heer uesture but half-yellow inquiry?' 'Oh, annywan will do,' says Gin'ral Mike. So th' Gin'ral is put on thrile an' a frind iv his addresses th' court. 'Gintlemen,' says he, 'th' question before th' court is not so much did our gallant leader hammer th' coon as whether our flag wanst stuck up where we have wathered so many precious citizens shall ever come down. (Th' court: 'No, no!') That's th' pint. What do th' people at home who know nawthin' about this heer war, except what we tell them, what do they mane be subjectin' this heer hayro, gray an' bent with infirmities, but pretty spry at that, to this ignominy? He has fought fr' thim an' what have they done fr' him? In more thin wan year he has on'y risen fr'm th' rank iv captain to brigadier-gin'ral an' his pay is less thin twenty times what it was. (Here the court weeps.) 'I ast ye, I ast ye, ye fine little boys, is it mete an' proper, nay, is it meat an' dhrink fr' us, to punish im?'"

"An' th' court puts th' v'rdict iv acquittal in th' shape iv th' pop'lar song, 'Fr' he's a jolly good fellow,' an' adds a recommendation that Harvard College is gettin' too gay annyhow."

"That's th' difference between sojer

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Philadelphia Aug. 6 St. Louis Aug. 20
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On and after June 14th will leave Yonge Street
Dock (east side), at 7 a.m., 9 a.m., 11 a.m.,
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"Central" is the leader.
In shine or rain, it's the
latest thing to prove it,
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Fly off like a meteor,
Shoots just like a star;
"Good-bye" to "New Yorkers,"
"Chicago?" here you are.

"Speedy" is no name for it,
Faster far than that,
Is the Central's latest,
Just like saying "Seat."

Daniels is a master
Winning "four track" fame,
Nothing beats his latest,
20th Century name.
—From the Buffalo "Times."

Anecdotal.

"What can we do with Rosslyn?" Dis-
raeli once asked of Salisbury. "Make him
master of the backwoods, as his father
was," suggested the latter. "No," replied
the Premier, "he swears far too much for
that. We will make him high commis-
sioner to the Church of Scotland."

Senator Proctor of Vermont says the
finest speech he ever made consisted of
only four words. It was a retort to
Senator Hoar's sarcastic little thrust in
a speech directed at the Green Mountain
senator. He said: "No man in Vermont
is allowed to vote unless he has made
five thousand dollars trading with Mas-
sachusetts people." Whereat Proctor
said: "And we all vote."

The principal of a high school tells the
following anecdote: One day at school I
gave a bright boy a sum in algebra, and
although the problem was comparatively
easy, he couldn't do it. I remarked:
"You ought to be ashamed of yourself.
At your age George Washington was a
surveyor." The boy looked me straight

"The Book Shop."

PAPER FOR
SUMMER

The "Book Shop" fine stationery
represents the highest results of care-
ful manufacture. The superb crisp-
ness of the "linen effect" stationery
(95c. box) is only approached by the
"Blue Bond" boxes (at 50c.) of paper
and envelopes.

These may be stamped with your
initial or monogram at small extra
charge, unless you are in haste, in
which case the "Book Shop" can
supply charming "Initial" stationery
at 40c. a box.

WM. TYRRELL & CO.
8 KING ST. WEST.

in the eyes and replied, "Yes, sir; and at
your age he was President of the United
States."

A good story comes from the Davidson
Theater, in Chicago, and runs to the ef-
fect that a man from up the State went
in to see the opera the other night, pull-
ing his money from his pocket before he
reached the box-office window. "I want
tew git a good seat," he said, loud
enough to be heard all over the lobby of
the theater, "and I want it right down
the middle lane, and close up tew the ex-
ercises." He got it.

A hunting party of ladies and gentle-
men were detained by a storm at the
hut of a Virginia backwoodsman. Din-
ner being served, there was an embar-
rassing paucity of knives. The mother,
wishing to impress her aristocratic
guests, called in a commanding tone to
her young daughter, "Fetch some more
knives, Saissy; you know we've got
thousands of 'em." "Law, no, ma'am;
they're all thar." Thar's 'Big Butch,'
and 'Little Butch,' and 'Razor-Back,' and
'Buntie.'"

David Lloyd-George, a member of Par-
liament from Wales, tells a good story
on himself in connection with a Disestab-
lishment meeting in which he has been
taking part in Wales. A few days pre-
vious, it seems, there had been a Church
Defence meeting held in the same place,
at which a certain prominent dignitary
of the Establishment had spoken, refer-
ring to whom Mr. Lloyd-George's
chairman observed: "In my opinion that
Churchman is one of the biggest liars in
North Wales, but, thank goodness, we've
got a match for him here to-night!"

"Chums" tells of a certain wild beast
tamer who had been on bad terms for
some time with one of his neighbors,
and the other day, as the result of a violent
quarrel, the latter, with a friend,
attacked the former just before he was
timed to give his performance. The
tamer, unwilling to make a scene, took
refuge in the lion's den. Judge of the
amusement of the spectators when they
beheld the two men standing in front of
the cage and shouting through the bars
at regular intervals: "Come out of that,
you big coward; come out of that!"

Some little while ago a rather eccen-
tric cotton manufacturer, owning large
mills not a score of miles from Halifax,
England, and who was familiarly known
in the district round about as "Owd
H—," overheard one of the lads in his
employ remark to somebody: "Aw wiv
Aw hed Owd H—'s brass, an' he wiv
't' warkhouse." Quickly retiring,
"Owd H—," sent for the offender into
his office, and asked him what he would
do with the money, supposing his wish
were to be fulfilled. The youngster was
quite equal to the occasion, promptly
replying: "Whoy, th' first thing Aw'd do
wud be ta fetch yo aat (out), maister."
This clever reply so appeased the old gen-
tleman that the boy was sent back to
his work with half a sovereign in his
pocket.

The other afternoon, says the New
York "Tribune," when President Roose-
velt reached Dupont Circle, a "seeing
Washington" electric hove in sight,
and the guide continued his lecture
through a megaphone in this way: "On
the left we see the elegant residence of
Mr. George Westinghouse, the million-
aire inventor and electrician, formerly
the home of the late James G. Blaine;
a little to the left of front we perceive the
palatial mansion of Mr. L. Z. Leiter, the
Chicago millionaire, and father of the fa-
mous beauty, Miss Mary Leiter, now
Lady Curzon, the wife of the Governor-
General of India; in the park in front
we are confronted by the statue of Ad-
miral Dupont, and also in front we see
the President of the United States on
horseback." The crowd looked, and one
woman said, "Whose statue is it, Mc-
Kinley's?" "It's Roosevelt," the guide
responded. "He ain't a statue yet."

Professor William Archibald Spooner
of Oxford University has become famous
as a ludicrous word-twister. Once, at a
special service, seeing some women
standing at the back of the church wait-
ing to be seated, he rushed down the
aisle and addressed the ushers as fol-
lows: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, see these
ladies into their seats." Being asked
at dinner what fruit he would have, he
promptly replied: "Pigs, fleas." This is
the way in which Dr. Spooner proposed
to his wife: Being one afternoon at the
home of her father, Bishop Harvey Good-
win of Carlisle, Mrs. Goodwin said: "Mr.
Spooner, will you please go out into the
garden and ask Miss Goodwin if she will
come in and make tea?" The professor,
on finding the young lady, said: "Miss
Goodwin, your mother told me to ask
you if you would come in and take me."

Rest.

Nature's Only Method of Repairing and
Restoring Worn-Out and Run-down
Systems.

No matter how tired we are, a good
night's rest will generally completely re-
store us.

What is rest?
It is simply ceasing from the perform-
ance of physical or mental work in or-
der to allow nature time to rebuild and
repair the broken-down and worn-out
nerves, muscles, and tissue.

How quickly does nature carry out
this work of repairing when opportunity
is offered her!

If we carry a weight with our right
arm for a while and it becomes tired we
change it to the left, till the right one
is rested, and in this little interval, with
the greatest amount of promptness and
precision, nature repairs the damage
wrought by the labor performed.

There is one organ of the body, how-
ever, to which we pay little attention,
and although it often appeals to us, we
seldom heed the cry of the Stomach for
rest.

And the Stomach needs rest. It gets
tired, too, by performing day in and day
out its often burdensome task of diges-
tion.

But someone says, How may I rest
my stomach without starving my body?
Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets answer that
question satisfactorily. One or two of
these dainty digestives taken immedi-
ately after the meal will digest the food—
all of it—without any assistance from
the Stomach, thus giving this poor, tired,
almost worn-out organ the rest it has
so long craved for, and at the same time
furnishing the body with the nutrition
necessary to sustain vigorous life.

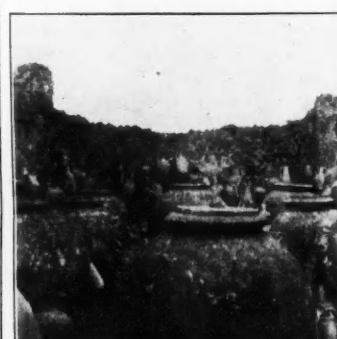
Where the Heart-Gladdener
Grows.

HAVE been to-day in Vineland, with
its acres of trellised grape vines, its
promise of fruits and vintage be-
fore the frosts touch the fair face
of nature. The cultivated grape
doesn't wait, like some sour-faced spin-
ster, for the touch of frost, for the finger
of sorrow to bring its sweetness. The
wild grapes are very hard and tangy un-
til frosts set them mellowing, but the
tame grape, pink, green, or blue-black,
soaks in its perfumed sweetness day by
day from jolly old Sol, and is perfectly
independent of sterner aids. Vineland
is not far from the placid, oily-surfaced
lake of midsummer, and there is a brood-
ing heat over it that does its work
surely and well. Down one hundred
trellised archways, stretching to right
and left of the broad, central way, the
soft green curtain of the vines hangs for
acres and acres. Seventy here and twenty
there are the acres of Vineland, cano-
pied in a tender, living green of sup-
erlative grace and charm. Down a smooth
driveway, past the vines, one comes to
the stone wine cellars of Barmesdale,
where are hid in the huge oaken tuns
the fruity port, the sharper claret, the
generous Madeira, the sweet Catawba



Wine Cellar, Canada.

and, queen of all, so women say, the Gold-
en Diana, a sweet, rich, yellow glory of
a wine, that slips down like nectar. Deep
shadows there are when one steps within
the great doors and hears them clang to-
gether, and on either side great casks,
housing one, two, five, six thousand gal-
lons of the good grape wine. Seven hun-
dred tons of grapes have gone to fill the
huge casks with liquid sweetness, with
grapes from lesser vinelands round about,
heaping up the presses of Barmesdale,
until the full tale of a quarter of a mil-
lion gallons is fulfilled. The dim, cool
cellars are getting a sluicing out of us
tread gingerly over the lines of hose and
peer up at the six-thousand-gallon cask,
daddy of them all, a giant full of wine.



Wine Cellar, Pompeii.

There is the faint wine fragrance, not
heavy and luscious as it will be in Oc-
tober, when the harvest of Vineland gives
out its precious flood in the press, but
the faint breath of vintage of past Oc-
tobers, sweet, impalpable, suggestive.
And then, to the tasting place, where
locked away are flasks of red and white
wine—queen of them all, again one says
it, the Golden Diana, which one qual-
ties to the success of the vintage to come.
I shall make my best endeavor to be about
there next autumn, to smell the per-
fumed air and watch the bringing in of
the many-tinted, many-flavored clusters,
to gloat rather on the discovery of Vineland
and the pleasant folk of Barmesdale,
where the glory of Vineland is fully
perceived.

One is always surprised at the discov-
ery of interest and beauty at the three-
hold of home. It is so much the fashion
to go abroad after such attractions.
Loading down the old Welland Canal, one
finds stretches of green and silver, as
beautiful as any lake paradise here or
abroad, developed since the busy new
canal stole the life of traffic from this
quiet water, and left it to the water lilies,
the reeds, the weeds and the chance

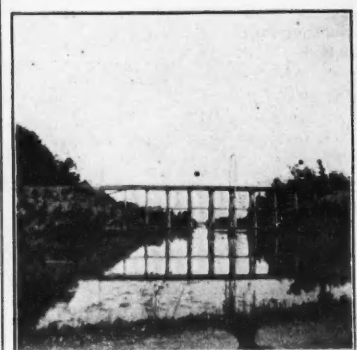


A Beauty Spot Near Home.

traveler who carries happily a while in
Vineland. The whizzing trolley looks
patronizingly down upon the sweetly
pretty disused canal, as it tears along
with its loads of trippers, who know not
what they might enjoy did they but stop
off for an hour or two and explore. It
rackets over the bridge at Martindale,
where the faithful water mirrors its
speed, and rivals Muskoka's Shadow River
in its clear reflections. And ever down
the midst of the stream meanders that
exquisite green ribbon, fluffy with wil-
lows' soft fringes, the old towpath of the
canal which is forsaken of the busy
world. It is such a beauty spot, neglig-
ent and unadmired of us, because it is just
at our door.

A man tells me that he quite believes
we shall get anything we desire if we

"will" hard enough. The world stands
aside before the inflexible will. People
help along the thoroughly earnest man.
He sells his stocks and carries his points,



Substance and Shadow.

and wins his girl, and succeeds every-
where because he determines he will. If
the world loves a lover, it also helps a
hustler, that is if behind the flurry of
action, the self-assertion and the tact
which make a real hustler, there is an
indomitable will enthroned. It bends
distaste aside, and conquers timidity,
tramples on sentiment, if necessary, and
throws aside the cushions of ease and
comfort. Considering its methods, I am
almost ready to say that man told me
the truth.

It is always well when one recognizes
a feeling of personal enmity lodging in
one's bosom toward some presuming
false or hurtful mortal, to meditate upon
the fact that some day that object of
hatred may be dead. Nothing but the
master-hand of death can chill some
dislikes, but unless one be besotted in-
deed, the dead rouse no ire within the
breast. When one hears that one's ene-
my is dead, there often comes a sudden
revelation of feeling, which perhaps is
among the experiences of many of my
readers. Personally, I have cut off a
friend without remorse, no matter with
how much pain, from my love and life,
and would do it exactly the same, should
similar circumstances compel me, and
yet, when word of the death of that one
came to me, there was a bitter qualm,
for one moment, of doubt whether I had
been quite justified. If such has been,
should not the unexplained distaste, the
positive aversion, the antagonism one
sometimes discovers for some other mortal,
be subjected to the gentle thought
that perhaps some day that mortal will
be beyond us, and our hate, no matter
how well justified, will recoil, sick and
sad, upon our own hearts. The death of
one should never have such power to
hurt us, and we can prevent it by fore-
arming ourselves. A man did a queer
thing one day in this connection. He
disliked to an extreme degree a certain
person under him. Continual contact
drove the aversion to hatred; but one
day he took thought on the matter. A
chance offered to benefit someone, and
with a grimace of the soul, he made up
his mind it should benefit the man he
disliked. Nothing came of the curious
happening but the lightning of the soul
of the man who hated. The other per-
son, he never knew through whom,
and when he died the news of his going
was of no moment one way or another
to the man who had hated and helped
him. Will it be so, should you and I
hear some fine day that he or she whom
we dislike lies cold and still in the awful
dignity of death, or shall we feel a lurking
misery of being in some way the debtor,
the injurer?

LADY GAY.

Miss Summer.

She's here
With winking wiles
And latest styles.
A summer vision fair;
With trunks in mix
And golfing sticks.
We woo the seashore air;
Suns peer:

A maid
Who cheek of tan
Doth take a man
And heart all by surprise;
In bathing suit,
And sweetly cute.
The cynosure of all eyes,
Doth wade.

On court
She nimble darts
And plays with hearts,
A racket in her hand,
The tennis maid;
All "love" games played,
However the score may stand,
Love's sport.

With "cad"
She coolly braves
The tense heat waves
Of the scorching links;
O, Cupid's tricks,
He hugs golf sticks,
That darts more potent, thinks
That lad.

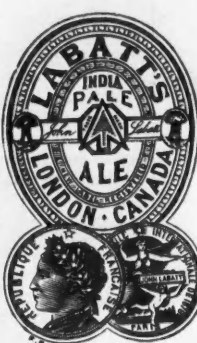
The miss thrums
A guitar hums
Some love song to me, real;
"Oath mystic moon
Her sweet love crown
Would make e'en honest steal—
A kiss!"
—Baltimore "Herald."

Something Wrong With the Shammy.

There is a prominent doctor in Ger-
mantown who is busy telling a little
joke on himself, says the Philadelphia
"Evening Telegraph." It appears that he
employed an Irish servant who had just
arrived from the "old sod." Starting
out one morning, he noticed his office
windows were rather dirty, and calling
Bridget, he instructed her to clean them
before he returned. At the same time
he told her that he would stop and pur-
chase a new shammy skin and send it
home, and with this she was to clean the
windows. After he had gone his rounds
he found them thickly streaked with
grease. He called Bridget, and the fol-
lowing colloquy took place:

"Bridget, didn't I tell you to clean the
windows?"
"Yes, sor."
"And didn't I tell you to use the new
shammy?"
"Yes, sor."
"Well, did you use it?"
"Sure I did, sor."

"Let me see the shammy," said the
doctor, and Bridget promptly brought it.
Then for the first time he learned that
his wife had left the house a half hour
before he did in the morning and had
sent home some tripe. The doctor de-
clines to say what happened to the
shammy skin.



Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every
graphological study sent in. The Editor re-
quests correspondents to observe the following
Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist
of at least six lines of original matter, includ-
ing several capital letters. 2. Letters will be
answered in their order, unless under unusual
circumstances. Correspondents need not take
up their own and the Editor's time by writing
reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quota-
tions, scraps or postal cards are not studied.
4. Please address "Correspondence Column."
Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons
are not studied.

Limerick.—Yes, so far as snap and
energy go, and the wish and power to
dominate. It is indeed a remarkably
capable and rather persistent hand. You
were born under Sagittarius, a fire sign,
ruling from November 22 to December 22.
As to whether you had better marry a
fair or dark lady, you may search me.
Either complexion will do if she be ready
to play second fiddle in the matrimonial
duet—otherwise there will probably be
doings more or less disputatious. You
have almost all the qualities I ensure
success, judging by the touch of blarney,
you're Irish. You have enterprise,
nerve, love of beauty, and some sym-
pathy; generally you are cautious, some-
times impetuous. If you once bestow
your affection worthily, it will be a deep
affair.

"White Kitten."—So you are a holy
kitten, and I am opening your second
letter not a five minutes' sail from your
city; so various are the busy times of
life that this correspondence column is
written afloat. I presume you saw your
answer long ago, as so many impatient
fellows do before I reach their hurry-up
note. How fair and sweet your home is
this week! Truly the place of all others
to rest up and enjoy oneself in. If you
got your character all right you might
write me again.

Violette.—Come into the bunch, my
dearie. You're an April lady, really,
born under Aries, the leading month of
the year. Your writing isn't quite
healthy in tone, too concentrated and
self-centered, and there is also a self-
sufficiency, I don't like. But it is a
very clever and fine hand. You are
high-strung, tenacious and keenly per-
ceptive, somewhat averse to material
details, fancy, clear in thought and
logical in deduction. Refinement and
perseverance are shown, not much sym-
pathy, and considerable caution, amount-
ing on occasion to mistrust. It is quite
an unusually intelligent and original
study, with a good deal of quaint grace
of thought and fancy, and much sensi-
tiveness on certain points.

Honey-girl 1.—Your writing seems only
in the second stage of development, but
it is bright and attractive. You are
frank, discreet and good-tempered. You
have all the sympathetic, generous and
pleasant traits, but not much business
ambition is here and there sug-
gested.

"Good Friday."—This writing is almost
unfathomable by reason of the very
unnatural slant you have adopted. While
there is plenty of talent and determina-
tion, it is marred by careless thought-
lessness, and tendency to idealize, and
depend more on chance impression and
impulse than on careful consideration of
realities. It is a case of good material
indifferently employed. March 23 brings
you just out of the influence of Pisces,
the fishes, a water sign, and gives you
to Aries, a fire sign. I think there is
both cloud and steam in consequence.
The study has an appearance of insincer-
ity and inconsequence. You are not
cultivate single-minded and careful
methods, and whenever tempted to avoid
a decision or question, face it squarely
and honestly. In emergency, you will
otherwise be a failure.

Mildred.—There is no such thing as a
lucky or unlucky month, arbitrarily
speaking, though an unfortunate con-
junction of planets may occur in any
month. I haven't the time to consider
your horoscope, but your day of birth
shows a strong tendency to cry, and
earth sign, and of a distinctly material
disposition. There is but small sugges-
tion of an over-materialistic nature in
your bright lines. They are noticeably
buoyant and hopeful, and have the prac-
tically clever touch that is so attractive.
You do not seem to waste energy on any
particular ambition, have excellent
method and business-like habit. There
isn't a dull line in the entire study, nor a
commonplace one. Good sequence of
ideas, some affection, and a frank and
open manner are suggested by your fine
study.

Nov-kid or Can-kid.—I cannot recall
your former letter, but will try to do
something for you now. Verily, my
dear kid, you are a bit long in the wind,
and you do get dual on a page, and
couldn't get around your pros and cons,
so will take it for granted you are "the"
kid who is to have her character told.
Your study shows great emphasis, some
erratic impulse and self-will, great ver-
bosity, and decidedly good sequence of
ideas. You are capable of very warm
feeling, and would very likely object to
control, self or other. I don't think any
fact is visible in the study, and you are
a clever and capable kid, but may not
be a popular one. However, you are
also very independent of your
fellows. W. P. B. certainly does mean
waste paper basket.

Ambuscade.—A good deal of culture
and some cleverness, a rather practical
turn of mind, fond of tradition and
likely to believe in heredity, self-reliance,
slightly impressionable, trustful, but
rather independent, careful of details,
and generally a decidedly teachable
nature. There is an unsatisfied ambi-
tion indicated, no marked originality, but
an all-round, well-balanced person.

Simplicity.—I confess when I wrote
you I did so more out of curiosity than
from a serious desire to profit by any
interpretation you might make. Ah,
yes, my simple Simon, that's the case
four times out of five. "But I can see
now that you are doing a work the in-
fluence of which for good it would be
difficult to estimate." Purrr-purr, good
Simon, from the column. It's not often
I get it so plain. And so I did to
your liking? Well, you're an easy one,

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION
BUFFALO

GOLD MEDAL

AWARDED

LABATT'S
ALE and PORTER

SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS

and if I had a score like you every week
I'd soon be young. Seriously, old man,
I'm more than glad you're pleased.
Aufgaba A.—Your writing is only in
the second stage of development, and
shows many waverings of will and pur-
pose. March isn't a strongly marked
usually, though once truly devoted to a
phenomenal in their power and success.
As to your inquiry whether you'd do
better in business or professional life, I
don't see any marked capacity for extra
excellence in either. But time will
change you.

Miss Eccentric.—In your turn, lassie,
there were others before you. It isn't
a quite finished study, though it has
many pleasing traits. There is self-
reliance and enterprise, practical power,
some tenacity and pessimism, persever-
ance, frankness, absence of suspicion,
conservative tendency, good sequence of
ideas, and fair judgment, and a consen-
suous desire for good work with a
sense of humor and original expression.

Tripper.—I. For a stranger in Toronto
who enjoys short trips by water, there
is simply no end to the "what-ifs" of
visit. You can cross the lake in a num-
ber of times a day, visiting Niagara Falls,
St. Catharines or Hamilton by different
boats at almost any hour. A nice little
trip to Burlington Beach is one of the
short runs on the lake. If you avoid
Saturdays and excursions you will be
more at ease en route. I cannot quote
prices, but they are all very modest.
When I saw your note endorsed "Im-
mediate," I hardly thought you meant
wanted information you could get in any
daily paper. However, you're welcome
to it. 2. Why do people persist in say-
ing "en pension" when they mean
boarding? Ah, let people choose their
own words; you need not follow them.
You can "board" until you get desper-
ate and no one will hinder you. 3. There
is plenty of room at several hotels in
Muskoka now, and you can easily write
for accommodation in advance. I can
recommend Bala. 'Tis a charming trip
to it, and delightful when you get there.

John Giant.—This would be a very
good time to go and have a look, but
you should start as soon as possible.
Both the banks you mention have
agencies representing the other, and
some contradictory reports, but I fancy,
judging from your letter, that you would
like it very well. Glad your character
is fitted.

Fresh-
ness of
Youth

may be obtained by banishing wrinkles—
restoring and preserving the skin with our
scientific FACE MASSAGE treatment.
Nothing so refreshing as our MASSAGE
BALM. Danton City. One fee
oraging of the skin. Superfluous Hair re-
moved by Electrolysis. Manicuring and
Cosmetics by skilled operators. Reason-
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Special attention given to Diet and Mas-
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Physicians are solicited to correspond
with Dr. McCoy, Physician in charge.
Skilled attendants in Baths. Steam heat
in each room. Elevator. Porcelain
baths. Tourist-rooms for day and night.
One and one-half hours' ride from Toronto
without change.
Apply to—
The Welland Hotel & Sanitarium Co.

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Help!Windsor
Salt
Does Not Cake!

Best Grocers Sell It.

THE
DOMINION BREWERY CO.

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of
the CelebratedWHITE LABEL
JUBILEE and
INDIA PALE...ALESThe above brands are the genuine extract of
Malt

A Cosmopolitan Crowd.

In the absence of the King, the attention of London has turned to the picturesque delegates of royalty from the far corners of the earth who are now in the metropolis. "Never have the streets of London presented so cosmopolitan an appearance," says a London correspondent; "the guests of the nation from the furthest quarters of the earth have been exploring the empire's capital. Black, yellow and brown faces, surmounting gaudy, fantastic costumes, are met everywhere. Muffled gibbering and a soft, monotonous pattering of feet are heard, and one turns to see a big burly figure in a short, heavy blue coat, under which is suspended a kind of linen apron drawn close around the hips and reaching to the knee, while below are a pair of ebony legs and huge, bare feet. After him come some twenty more, all smiling and chattering, and all similarly attired, each of them carrying a small rattan cane tucked under the right arm in the fashion of the right arm of the British police, these picturesque men are merely the Fiji police, come to London to do honor to their emperor. Then there are splendid native Indian soldiers, in their picturesque turbans, or puggarees, and glittering buttons. With black, shifting eyes, they stride along like kings, and, to tell the truth, the average London man who walks near them seems ridiculously insignificant. These fighting men, devoid of much that civilization is supposed to bestow, are superb in their indifference to the gaping crowds. There are also little men from Japan in top-hats; robed men with round button-like hats from China; skirted and coiffured men from Ceylon; spectacled and much-withered men from the remote Straits Settlement; mild-looking, tawny-complexioned Hindoos, in snowy white robes and pink or red turbans; stout, black-frocted Bengalese, with no head-covering at all; and men from every British colony or dependency, as well as almost every other nation in the world.

"The princess from India, however, have given London its greatest treat. Seated in costly silks and satins, wearing beautiful turbans bedecked with priceless jewels, they have been the sensation for London's highest as well as its lowest society. Never has a more glittering body of men been seen on horseback than the group of princes who have reviewed the military contingents from the Indian Empire, and rode through their stolid, impassive ranks. Only quick, stealthy glances betrayed the fact that they were all not of the same rank. These princes were seen to better advantage at the reception given in their honor by Earl and Countess Rothes. The scene was brilliant, the dresses and jewels worn by the princes out-shining the lovely dresses and stars of the ladies present. A most delightful air of friendliness prevailed, ranging from the most willing when possible with guests, among them many Anglo-Indians renewing happy acquaintances and recalling pleasant associations. The most impressive figure, perhaps, was that of Colonel Sir Porthal Singh, in uniform of white, laced with gold cords, wearing a turban with gold ornaments. The most impressive figure was that of the Maharajah of Jeypour and his followers, whose velvet robes were gold-trimmed, and from whose turbans hung bunches of jewels. Their dignified bearing suggested something distinctly biblical. The Maharajah of Sindia of Gwalior wore a white frock narrowly edged with red. His quaintly-shaped turban was red. His necklaces of pearls were worth an emperor's ransom. There were four rows of big round pearls, three rows of long pear-shaped baguettes, some more than an inch long and shaped in proportion. The Sultan of Perak wore a dark-blue cloth uniform, with the ribbons of the various orders. His black satin head-dress blazed with the finest diamonds set in most graceful design."

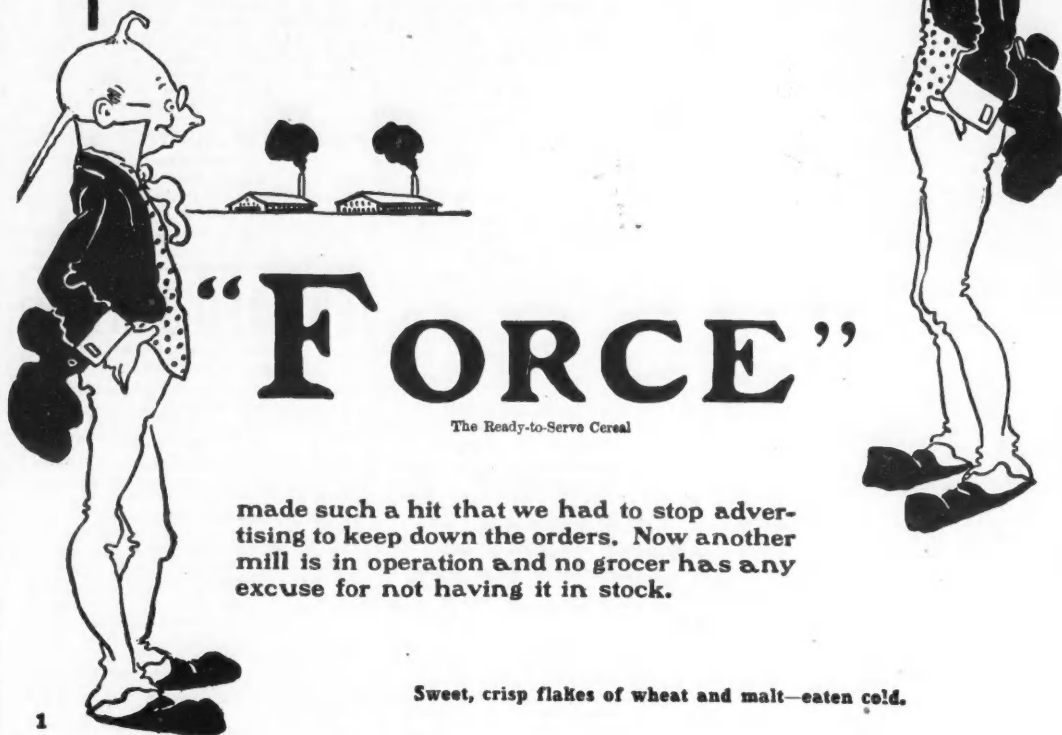
All Canada at Toronto.

There will not be a province or a piece of territory in the Dominion that will not be represented at the Exhibition to be held in Toronto this year from Monday, September 1, to Saturday, September 13. To mark their appreciation of this evidence of the country's confidence in the executive have increased the prize list until now it is proudly boasted that, with special, upwards of \$37,000 will be distributed in prizes among the exhibitors, six-sevenths of which will find its way to the agricultural community. While this large sum proves the magnitude of the exposition, the enterprise of its managers, and the comprehensiveness of the exhibits, the fact that \$30,000 is to be spent in attractions and special features, the latest inventions as well as the latest novelties in the amusement world, and including \$7,000 for music, shows that while the agricultural and industrial interests of the country are to be well looked after, the people's enjoyment will not be neglected. America and Europe have been secured for all that is best in every line of attraction. Boloss Krally, the greatest master of spectacle on earth, has been secured to produce in all its brilliancy and gorgeousness his stupendous production "The Orient," which was the wonder of London, England, at Olympia for a year, and that is only one of the really costly features that have been secured for the exhibition. In the Dairy Building not only will there be exhibits of dairy products, utensils, and so on, but lectures and demonstrations will be given twice daily in a hall provided with seating accommodation for 600 people. Reduced rates will, of course, be available on all lines of travel.

Why Coughing is Weakening.

The amount of energy expended in coughing is very considerable; indeed, one of the patient statisticians for which Germany is renowned has calculated that a patient who coughs once every quarter of an hour for ten hours expends energy equivalent to two hundred and fifty pounds of heat, which may be translated as equivalent to the nourishment contained in three eggs or two glasses of milk. In normal respiration the air is expelled from the chest at the rate of four feet per second, whereas in violent coughing it may attain a velocity of three hundred feet.

Jim Dumps had been for weeks so cross,
'Twas plain he'd met with some great loss;
But since once more these ads. make clear
That what he missed at last is here,
And "Force" can be supplied to him,
Jim Dumps has changed to "Sunny Jim."



"FORCE"

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

made such a hit that we had to stop advertising to keep down the orders. Now another mill is in operation and no grocer has any excuse for not having it in stock.

Sweet, crisp flakes of wheat and malt—eaten cold.

The Eccentric Mr. Whistler.

W. G. BOWDOIN is the author of a dainty little volume, entitled "James McNeill Whistler. The Man and His Work," which contains a biographical sketch of the famous American painter, a critical review of his work, a number of amusing anecdotes, and a list of the Whistler prints in the Avery collection, at the Lenox Library, New York. Mr. Bowdoin says that it may be said of Whistler, with more truth than is often the case where others are concerned, that there is perhaps no more interesting personality in the whole artistic world than is he. Mr. Whistler has lived to see himself famous, and to enjoy the fruits of his fame. Mr. Bowdoin continues:

"With his temperament it would indeed be extraordinary if he were not something of a poseur, and we may easily believe it of him that when he goes to London, it is always with an outfitting that is so very elaborate and unusual that when he appears on the city's streets he is sure to attract attention. In the long, black overcoat that he affects, with his French top-hat, the brim of which stands straight out, carrying in his hand a long, thin cane or wand of bamboo, the London small boy scents a celebrity, and in crowds they worshipfully follow him, until even the stoic smiles to see him pass. His boots and gloves fit him, and he wears the eccentricities of genius with his clothes. He is, happily, still in the full vigor of his artistic power, and is probably the most observed and discussed of all living artists."

Whistler is famous for his controversies:

"Ruskin and Du Maurier are but two well-known instances of a long and expanding line of persons with whom Whistler has differed polemically. His crusades against what he regards as unjust newspaper criticism, by pamphlet and by letter, present him as possessed of more than ordinary literary power, and because of the keenness of his counter-attack and sword-like repartee, he is a redoubtable antagonist. Holding as he does that only the practising painter has the capacity to judge of art, he is forever on the alert to catch the professional critic in error, and then to securely nail the discovered error, and to

daunt it without mercy. Their blunders and inaccuracies are held up by him to unrelenting ridicule whenever there is opportunity for so doing, until he has become a terror to those whom Whistler regards as his 'natural prey.' It is because of this that Whistler has sometimes been looked upon as ungracious and forever antagonistic."

It is said that on one occasion a commissioner, representing the American art section of a certain exposition, was to arrive in Paris to arrange with the American painters and sculptors resident there for their contributions:

"Wishing to be brisk and business-like, he wrote ahead to several artists, stating that he would be in Paris on a certain day, and at a certain hotel, and naming an hour at which he hoped each man would call upon him. On his schedule for the day was the name of McNeill Whistler and the hour '4:30 precisely.' The note he received is worthy of the author of 'The Gentle Art of Making Enemies':

"Dear Sir—I have received your letter announcing that you will arrive in Paris on the 14th. I congratulate you. I have never been able, and never shall be able, to be anywhere at '4:30 precisely.' Yours most faithfully,

"J. M. N. WHISTLER."

Vance Thompson tells this story of Whistler:

"A Colorado millionaire—extremely millionaire—one who is getting up an art gallery, went to Whistler's studio in the Rue du Bac. He glanced casually at the pictures on the walls—'symphonies' in rose and gold, in blue and gray, in brown and green.

"How much for the lot?" he asked, with the confidence of one who owns gold mines.

"Four millions," said Whistler.

"What?"

"My posthumous prices." And the painter added, "Good morning."

In the following interview, which Mr. Bowdoin quotes, there is just enough of characteristic likeness to make the portrait recognizable in spite of the exaggeration:

I handed the servant my card, saying: "I wish to see Mr. Whistler." The servant withdrew, and re-appeared presently with a printed slip of paper, on which I read the following words: "Who is the greatest painter in the world?"

I thought myself a minute, and my

mind's eye saw a long and brilliant pageant, from Giotto down to the present day; then I wrote this name: "Whistler." I was asked to step in.

The studio was dyed gray, so to speak—gray walls, gray canvases, gray easels, gray chairs; Whistler, his back turned toward me, in a gray suit, and on a dais a gray lady, with gray hair, gray dress, gray skin, and gray gloves, was staring with gray eyes rather anxiously into my puzzled features.

Whistler laid down palette and brushes, crossed his arms like Napoleon, and swung round on me. Without leaving me time to utter a greeting, he said, sarcastically:

"Parbleu! This is a nice get-up to come and see me in, to be sure. I must request you to leave this place instantly." Then, turning to Madame: "These scribbles, rag-smudgers, incroyable! Why, it is perfectly preposterous! Did you ever hear such a dissonance in your life, Madame?" pointing with his thumb over his shoulder. "His tie is in G major, and I am painting this symphony in E minor. I will have to start it again."

He turned on his heels toward me, and said: "Take that roaring tie of yours off, you miserable wretch; remove it instantly."

Being an adept in the gentle art of making friends, I removed my scarlet tie as quickly as possible.

The moment it had disappeared in my pocket he heaved a sigh of relief. "Thank goodness," he said, shading his eyes. "My sight is perfectly deaf."

"I am so sorry, Mr. Whistler."

"Whistler, sir? Whistler? That's not my name!" he roared.

"That is not my name. I say, you don't seem to know your own language!"—shrugging his shoulders.

I looked at him sheepishly.

"W-h is pronounced whh—Whhwhistler, Baa!" and he dropped his eye-glass from his eye.

"Thank you, Mr. Whhwhistler. The object of my interview is to hear some of your ideas on the painter's art in general, and yours more particularly. As you are probably aware, there are still a lot of people who are at a loss to understand either your paintings or your etchings. I should like to help the world to appreciate your revolutions."

"Revolutions! I like that; that's good," said Whistler. "But, my dear sir," he continued, now in quite a different tone, "that is impossible. They would never understand. It's much too high, too great. Why, I myself am compelled to stand on tiptoes to reach my own height, metaphorically speaking. To begin with, you, my dear sir, are nobody, nothing from my point of view—just a conglomeration of bad colors. Why on earth, man, do you wear a brown jacket with blue trousers? That's like B flat in G major, do you see?"

"I can't say I do."

"I can't say I do."

"I can't say I do."

"I can't say I do."

"I can't say I do."

"I can't say I do."

"I can't say I do."

"I can't say I do."

"I can't say I do."

"I can't say I do."

"I can't say I do."

"I can't say I do."

"I can't say I do."

"I can't say I do."

"I can't say I do."

WE CARE NOT

what you buy or where you buy it, you will never get the equal of

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea. It has drawing qualities, flavor and value unequalled by any other Tea in the World.

Sold only in Lead Packets. By all Grocers.



Carling's Ale

A Beverage of Quality

Every bottle guaranteed.

That's all.



'DARTRING' LANOLINE

Natural Toilet Preparations.

'DARTRING' TOILET 'LANOLINE' in small and large collapsible tubes. Makes rough skins smooth and protects delicate complexions from the effects of wind and sun. 'DARTRING' 'LANOLINE' TOILET SOAP is unequalled for cleansing and keeping the skin supple. It never irritates.

Wholesale: 67, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

truth and humor in their talk that needn't be summarily dismissed as downy faced cynicism.

And the speaker narrated as nearly as he could a speech of the leader on the subject of "How to Be Successful Though Educated."

The young man knocked his cigarette ash into the dregs of his coffee and said: "I've thought this all out, as Devery does his brilliants. It's not impromptu. I was burdened with the conception by too much paternal advice on how to succeed. We get too much of that advice on all hands. The path from the log cabin to the White House has been exploited and explained; we have been taught how to be happy though married, and it only remains to put the teaching into practice—a minor detail; magazines conducted by underpaid editors have told us how to get from home to college with a cow for capital; the lives of our captains of industry have been laid bare from their always humble beginnings, but the really useful work is the one not done. Who will tell us how to be successful though educated?"

The worst that may be said of a college training (until the chair of success is founded) is that it gives a young man ambitions. After all, the youth whose capital is a cow in most instances prefers to keep his capital and milk it; the boy in the log cabin hopes some day to build a house with store shingles; the young worker in the steel mill thinks he may in time rise to be a foreman, and is content if he does. But the college graduate has ambitions. Nurtured in romance, fed on history, filled with the keen relish for intellectual excitement and the power of intellectual mastery, he is yearly turned by the thousand into the hard world, with ambitions, but no job.

There are open for him the law and medicine; but each requires three or four more years of training, and then an additional period of unremunerative waiting. There is business, but already the high school graduate has a four years' start, which, when all is said, the classics and French literature do not

help to overcome. He might write novels, but his taste is too good, while a knowledge of art bars him from the drama. To be sure, there is teaching; the world still puts up with a little education in its teachers. Yet, as women will teach cheaper, even that field is restricted. It is no wonder that there are so many men of culture in the mines of Mexico and Alaska, or that so few of us college men marry before we are thirty.

"Then someone asked this gloomy teacher of twenty-three, whose remarks were greeted with no applause, but quiet approval," said the outsider, "what he proposed to do about it. His answer was characteristic. 'To-morrow I play golf,' he said."—N. Y. "Tribune."

Moon River.

In addition to the several publications issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System, for the information of tourists and travelers, regarding the many charming districts in the "Highlands of Ontario," still another comes to hand, just off the press, entitled "Down the Moon River."

The Moon River is a tributary to the Muskoka Lakes, in fact, the outlet of this delightful water-way, and empties into the Georgian Bay, after passing for several miles through some of the most beautiful scenery in that region. This little booklet is a description of the trip by canoe down the river, and is full of sound facts which will interest the tourist and angler. The illustrations give one an idea of the geological features and character of the country. A copy may be had for the asking by applying to J. W. Ryder, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

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In the Stone Age.



Mr. Paleo—Where are Smart and Shuffle running to with those rocks?

Mr. Troglö—Why, they've been managing what they call a Meat Food Trust, and now the authorities are after them, so they're running away with the books—"Pick-Me-Up."

Pessimism of Educated Youth.

ALMOST any evening, at dinner time, there may be seen in a well-known down town restaurant a group of young men, who occupy always the same corner and spend a long time talking over their coffee and cigars. They are all college graduates of a recent date, occupied in the day in getting a start in life, or, as one of them, who is engaged in some sort of literary work, more picturesquely puts it, "bucking the metropolis with a stub pen." Few have heard their talk for when a stranger falls among them they are decorously polite, but uncommunicative, in the spirit of their leader. A few, however, have been initiated, and describe the conversation as "a series of carefully cultivated cynicisms, led by a lecture." Thus do their guests become victims to phrase-making.

"It would be hard to diagnose their complaint," said one of these victims; "they are so cheerful in their woe. Nothing at present suits them, and they all pronounce their daily tasks a bore. But they are not bothered with reform notions and don't make a public fuss. I suspect they all cherish secret ambitions of winning commonplace successes, and swap their melancholy epigrams because they have no other way at present to maintain that academic seclusiveness your college graduate usually feels the lack of during the first years of his plunge into life. However, there's some



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It will be in order to once more ask what has been done with that surplus of \$1,000 from the last Toronto musical festival. It was understood that the amount was carried over and left in the hands of a trust of which Mr. Herbert Mason is a member, for the purpose of promoting a second festival. Many years have elapsed, and the trustees seem to have plunged into a Rip Van Winkle sleep. Really, something should be done with the money in the interests of music, and my suggestion is that it be handed over to Dr. Torrington, under certain conditions, to form the nucleus of a fund for a festival for the autumn of this year.

The matter of providing an up-to-date organ for Massey Hall has dropped out of public view of late, but I am told that the trustees have by no means abandoned the project, and that one day there may be an unexpected announcement regarding it.

Mr. J. Humfrey Anger, who has been for four years organist of Old St. Andrew's Church, will retire from that position on September 1. The reason assigned for the retirement is said to be a want of accord between Mr. Anger and the church authorities. It is rumored that Mr. E. Percival Garrett of Hamilton has been approached with a view of succeeding to the post.

Miss Kathryn Hutchinson, the prima donna of Rice's musical comedy, "The Show Girl," is described as the most attractive leading lady from a beauty standpoint that New York has seen since the well-remembered beauty days of Lillian Russell. She has the distinction of being the youngest leading lady of any important musical comedy production in the United States.

It is expected that Toronto will be visited next season by Ossip Gabrilovitch, one of the most brilliant of the modern school of Russian piano players. He won in Paris a great triumph recently. A New York critic in writing of his appearance in that city, said: "In Gabrilovitch we are conscious of art in its most subtle and most fascinating form, for his charm is one not easily forgotten. On the contrary, he has that indefinable quality of lingering in the memory of his listeners until they awake to new appreciation of what he has done when they were too dazzled to take in all sides of his art."

Mr. A. S. Vogt left on his vacation last Tuesday, and will spend the month at Scarborough Beach, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Robinson are passing their vacation in this city. Mr. Robinson has met with gratifying appreciation in his new home, New York, where he has been appointed tenor soloist at Dr. Parkhurst's church, and conductor of one of the Metropolitan choral societies. He has a teaching studio in Carnegie Hall. Mrs. Robinson is contralto soloist at St. Paul's Church, Trinity parish, New York.

Miss Norine Pew, solo soprano at Knox Church, is leaving for New York, where she will continue her musical studies. On Monday evening last a number of the congregation called at her residence and presented her with a purse of gold as a mark of their appreciation of her past services, and on behalf of the choir Mr. William Galbraith took the opportunity to present her with a gold-mounted umbrella as a token of the love and esteem in which she is held by the members.

One of the musical treats which had been arranged for the Methodist Young People's Summer School, which was in session at Victoria College last week, was an organ recital at the Toronto College of Music on Saturday afternoon by Dr. Torrington. On account of the absence of Dr. Torrington from the city, the recital was given by Mr. George D. Atkinson, who presented a varied and comprehensive programme, to the delight of all present, his work being characterized by skillful registration and musicianly style. Mr. Atkinson had the assistance of Miss Eileen Millett, soprano, who sang several solos in her usual pleasing manner. Miss Lillian Landell made an efficient accompanist.

Miss Evans, daughter of Dr. Evans, Spadina avenue, and cellist in Mr. J. F. Johnstone's Young Ladies' String Quartette, has sailed for Germany, where it is her intention to prosecute her studies for at least one year. She was accompanied by her friend, Miss Cassels, Rose-dale, who on her return at the end of September will take Miss Evans' place in the Quartette.

At the moonlight concert in connection with the successful picnic organized by the Veterans of '66 from Toronto to Queenston Heights last week, the Crown Glee Singers of Canada were accorded a cordial reception. The quartettes sung by these singers were encored each time, the voices producing an harmonious ensemble that was enjoyed by everyone present. Mr. Edward Barton is the trainer and director of this newly-organized quartette.

The composer and author of "Dolly Varden" have completed a new opera, entitled "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." The work deals with the war between the North and the South, and the action is laid in the South just previous to the termination of hostilities, and within the Federal lines. United States critics say that the librettist has introduced some very inspiring verses, and that the composer, Julian Edwards, has set four of the heavier of these numbers to lofty patriotic music. There is a song intended to be a big catch, entitled "My Own United States." The composer, we are told, has, moreover, contrived to suggest all through the opera themes of the finer negro melodies of the South. All these statements may be accepted with the hope that Julian Edwards will show a little more originality than he displayed in "Dolly Varden." Mr. Whitney

is to produce the new opera, which will employ 254 persons in one scene.

The popular conductor and composer, Signor Luigi Arditi, celebrated his eightieth birthday a few days ago. Arditi has had a most varied career, having been associated with the debut of many of the great operatic stars of the nineteenth century, including Titiens, Nilsson and Trebelli. He was conductor at the Toronto debut of Mme. Albani, when the Canadian prima donna appeared at the Grand as the heroine of "Lucia di Lammermoor," supported by Her Majesty's Opera Company. In New York he conducted with Albani, Bosio and Sonntag, besides Patti. The most active part of his career was passed as conductor of Her Majesty's opera in London, England. As a composer he is principally known by his vocal waltzes, "Il Bacio," "Parla" and "Se Saran Rose." Arditi was born in Crescentino, Piedmont, and studied the violin at the Milan Conservatory, from which he graduated sixty years ago. He produced his first opera before he left the conservatory, and was for some years a violin virtuoso.

Mascagni is shrewder in a worldly way than most musicians. He would not hear of an American tour in which "Cavalleria Rusticana" alone would be performed. Though America is not well acquainted with any other of his works, he would not chance coming and going away still known as a one opera composer. He insisted that "L'Amice Fritz," "Iris" and "Radcliff" should be in the repertoire, believing them to be as meritorious as his first great success, and knowing that if one or more of them could be given a vogue like that of "Cavalleria Rusticana" his fame and fortune would be doubled. The engagement of Mme. Eugenia Mantelli by Mitchell Brothers and Kronberg as leading contralto of the Mascagni company will add to the popularity of the forthcoming engagement. Madame Mantelli is easily the best Italian contralto since Scialchi, and her popularity was extensive during the years she was with the Grau company at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Since leaving that organization she has enjoyed successful engagements in Madrid, Lisbon, and several of the South American capitals, where she was hailed as great.

Probably it would be difficult to find an organist anywhere who would not gladly change places with Sir Walter Parratt, "Master of the King's Musik"—for diverse reasons, one of them being that his private room is the Royal Music Library, whose 3,000 volumes include priceless treasures in manuscripts by the great masters, among them being "The Messiah," and eighty-six other volumes by Handel. One of Parratt's tasks is to conduct the private band of the sovereign, and he has had important duties to perform in connection with baptisms, marriages, deaths, and other domestic events in the royal family. Queen Victoria, the London "Musical Times" informs us, had a particular personal regard for him, and once gave him a richly jeweled baton with his monogram set in enamel and diamonds. Remarkable stories are told of Sir Walter's memory. He is a great chess-player, and one day the chess-board was brought out, and he proposed to play two men in consultation while he remained at the piano, as playing anything asked for, from Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, or Chopin. He never looked at the chess-board, but continued to converse with those around, who did all they could to distract him, although without success. His memory never failed him for at least an hour, when the game was won by him, and he remarked that he had been watching the chance of a poorly which had become entangled in a spider's web. On another occasion he transposed the whole of Wesley's "Wilderness" for the sake of an emergency soloist, without the aid of a copy of the music. More remarkable still was what he did at St. Paul's Church one day. The basso was to sing a new song, and the copy intended for the organist had not arrived. Parratt thereupon simply looked over the singer's copy, and then gave it back to him, and sat down and played this music (which he had never before seen) exactly as printed. Nay, he afterwards called the basso's attention to two notes he had sung wrong!

While other artists are, as a rule, holidaying during the vacation season, that popular organization, the Sherlock Male Quartette, is kept busy. With much success the Quartette has filled engagements in Norway, Haydon, Caledonia, Fergus, Stouffville, and other places, and during August they will give concerts in Gravenhurst, Huntsville, Burk's Falls, North Bay, Parry Sound, Cayuga, Niagara-on-the-Lake, and several other places. Mr. Sherlock reports the prospects for engagements for the coming season as very bright. The Quartette especially being much sought after. It is possible that these popular singers may appear at Atlantic City during the month of August, and doubtless will give a good account of themselves. Their trip will be followed with interest.

Civic Holiday Excursions.

Take your family for a nice outing from Saturday afternoon until Tuesday to Lake Simcoe, Lake Couchiching, Muskoka Lakes, etc. Single fare for round trip. Call at Grand Trunk city office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets, for full information.

Mouse Whiskers and Bears' Eyebrows.

THERE are trout and salmon-fishers who pay several thousand dollars a year for their "flies" alone. These persons can learn to tie artificial flies—knotting flies that can hardly be seen—so the skilled fly-maker commands high wages. The materials cost money, too, says the Maine "Sportsman." The earth is ransacked for feathers and hairs, and one hair wrong makes "all the difference." The business done in mouse whiskers is considerable this year, for they are used in the making of a new and expensive—nearly two cents a whisker. Trout rise very much better at mouse-whisker flies than at the same "gnat" dressed in junglecock hackles, which look very much like them. Bears' eyebrows, being stiff and exactly the right shade, are used in a newly-invented fly that is killing quantities of salmon this year. These eyebrows come

from the Himalayan brown bear, and cost about one dollar and a half a set. There are agents all over the world searching tropical forests for the right birds to supply fly hackles. One of the most sought-after skins is that of the rare "green screamer," an African bird about the size of a hen, which has a tiny bunch of feathers on each shoulder that is worth fifteen dollars a bunch to the fly-maker. One of these birds supplies only feathers enough to make rings for half a dozen flies.

There is no limit to the enthusiasm of an artistic fly-tie, who will use hair from his own eyelashes to finish off an "extra special" fly. Babies' hair is much sought after, if it is of the right shade—golden yellow—for all the lighter salmon flies, and one curl will make a dozen first-class flies.

It takes an expert only fifteen minutes to turn out a fly, which consists of a tiny hook, with wings of Egyptian dove feather, legs of fox hair, and a body of mouse fur, wound round with a thread of yellow silk. A carelessly made fly will have neither legs nor "feet," but the true expert adds the legs and puts on a pair of long "feelers" of cat hair, white at the tips. All these tiny details will be exactly in their places, and so firmly tied to the hook that the fly will take half a dozen strong fish and be none the worse.

A Mist-ke.

I looked at a tramp on a bench in the park. Whose tatters about him were furled. And I said, as I gazed at the hundreds about, "You are flotsam washed up from the world."

He stared in surprise—perhaps it was scorn. But he smiled in a pitying way: "We are flotsam, no doubt, from the world," he replied. "But scarcely 'washed up,' I should say."

—William J. Lampton in "Smart Set."

Specials From Oyster Bay.

Kermit stubbed his toe this morning. Mrs. Roosevelt turned pale and tottered, but bravely recovered her equanimity. Secretary Cortelyou was summoned by the President and rubbed the injured member until the circulation was restored.

Archie ate six waffles at breakfast this morning. Ethel, who is really the life and soul of the Presidential party, humorously observed: "If you don't look out, Archie, you'll become a waffle yourself." Unrestrained hilarity, of course, succeeded, and Ethel was congratulated on all sides on her own wit.

Teddy having successfully attained the summit of the Oyster Bay Church, proceeded to stand on his head upon the weather-vane. Secretary Cortelyou was instantly despatched to fetch him down, tearing his trousers—his Sunday ones—in so doing. The Board of Estimates has voted him a new pair if the old ones cannot be patched. Pork for lunch at Sagamore Hill.

Mrs. Roosevelt gathered a posy of daisies this morning, a token of pastoral innocence truly symbolical, and proving that simple tastes are not wholly confined to the lowly. The President ate pickled onions for afternoon tea with an evident relish. This morning Kermit's pet rattlesnake died. He was convulsed with woe, and pleaded grief as an excuse for not accompanying his family on one of their fifteen daily baths or twenty-five day-break gallops over the Sagamore Hills. The Secretary of State has promised him a baby white elephant to console him for his loss.

Secretary Root arrived at Oyster Bay this evening. Query by Ethel at tea time: "I say, Mr. Secretary, are you the root of all evil?" Mr. Cortelyou immediately called this truly wonderful child's wheeze to the foreign courts. Ethel's future is assured or should be. The following is the routine planned for the Roosevelt menage during the summer: Breakfast, lunch, dinner, bed; truly a sensible one, which doubtless caused the President and his wife much trouble to draw up.—"Town Topics."

One Point of View.

From the Chicago "Post." "Considering the work they do," commented the citizen, "the police are poorly paid."

"And yet," replied the old lush, "in considering the rate of pay we must also consider the expenses. Now, a policeman doesn't have to buy either cigars or drinks if he has the right kind of beat."

Pro Bono Publico.

Discontented Artist—I wish I had a fortune. I would never paint again. Generous "Brother Brush"—By Jove! old man, I wish I had one! I'd give it to you!

Courage!

Patience no question of the dim Beyond; Cut loose the bark; such voyage itself is rest. —Brownlee Brown.

Drawing the Line.

A well-known judge on a Virginia circuit was reminded very forcibly, says "Harper's Magazine," of his increasing baldness.

One of his rural friends looked at him and drawled, "It won't be so very long, judge, 'fo' you'll hev to tie a string round your head to tell how fer up to wash yer face."

A Plausible Suggestion.

They were coming across the Brooklyn bridge, says the New York "Evening Sun," and saw a little tug puffing around one of Uncle Sam's war vessels just outside the navy basin.

"There's a man-of-war, my dear," he said, pointing to the big ship. "And is the little one a tug-of-war?" she asked, as she gazed dreamily upon the water.

Ingenious.

Employer (to clerk)—This is disgraceful, Jones; here am I at the office first!

Clerk (deferentially)—Yes, sir, I have always been taught to give precedence to my superiors!—"Pick-Me-Up."

City Versus Country.

A little girl whose parents had recently moved from the country into town and who is now enjoying her first experience of living in a street, thus described it in a letter to another child: "This is a very queer place. Next door is fastened on our house."

"Poor man!" said the lady visitor, addressing one of the inmates of the insane asylum, "don't you often feel very, sad to be shut up here?"

"Oh, no," the patient answered. "The lunatics who come to look at us are generally very amusing."—Chicago "Record-Herald."

It is hard to decide which feels the most elated—the distinguished man who manages to palm himself off as an ordinary citizen for a few hours, or the ordinary man who happens to be mistaken for somebody in particular.

"What is your city noted for?" "Well, we have the tallest building in the country, the cleanest streets of any city in the world, the best street car service, the most—"

Her Father—You quite understand that my daughter won't have a penny until I am dead!

Suitor—Oh, yes, sir. (A pause.) By the by, sir, a friend of mine is going to make a balloon ascent to-morrow. Would you like to accompany him, sir?

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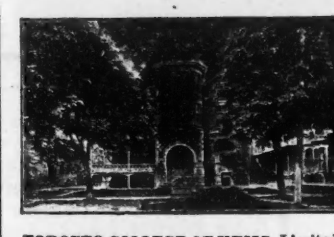
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Social and Personal.

Miss Ollie Lindsay of College street and Miss Helena Mallory of Beverley street leave to-day by the Montreal line of boats to spend a couple of weeks visiting Montreal, Quebec and Thousand Islands.

Mrs. and Miss Mighton have returned to town after a very pleasant trip to "Sans Souci," Georgian Bay, where Miss Mighton quite regained her health, after her long and tedious illness.

Ven. Archdeacon Bogert of Ottawa is staying at "The Clergy House of rest," at Cacouna. Mr. Bertie Cassels and Miss Harriet Cassels left Cacouna on Tuesday for a visit to Murray Bay.

Dr. H. B. Yates and Mrs. Yates passed through Montreal on Monday, en route from Cacouna to Bar Harbor, where they will visit friends for a week or two, and then return for the balance of the summer to Cacouna.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gooderham are at the Kirkwood Inn, Scarborough Beach.

Rev. H. S. Matthews and his family are at their cottage, St. Elmo, Lake Muskoka.

The Rev. W. F. Wilson and his family have gone to the Elgin House, Sandfield, Muskoka, for a few weeks.

These are recent arrivals at Grimsby Park: Mrs. George Lusdin of Toronto, Rev. C. E. Manning of Montreal, Mr. Star Benson of Ottawa, Mrs. Egan of Toronto, Mr. Vipond, Mrs. Joseph Cockshutt, Miss Helen Cockshutt, Mr. Harry W. Cockshutt, Mr. George D. Roach, Miss Mahel Mallory of Brantford, Miss Grace White, Miss J. O. White of Woodstock, Mr. E. B. Milne of Plattsville, Mrs. H. Graham Stair, Mr. William Houston of Toronto, Mr. E. W. Watson of Buffalo, Mr. Ralph Bain of Toronto, Miss B. Mulpas of St. Catharines, Mr. Herbert W. Wilson of Cleveland, Miss F. Spence of Bay City, Mr. C. L. Benton, Mr. J. W. Cone of Delaware, Ohio, Mr. W. J. Fletcher of Toronto, Mrs. W. B. Rouse of Bay City, Mich., Mr. J. W. Daniel of Toronto, Mr. S. B. Loughrey of Hamilton, Mr. J. H. Coles of Toronto, Mr. J. W. Stokie, Mr. Elmer S. Phipps, Mr. A. Wilson, Mr. K. Kelly, Mr. J. A. Teeter, Mr. S. Bennett of Hamilton, Misses Radenhurst, Miss Martha Radenhurst of Ingersoll, Mr. Arthur C. Mardon of Detroit, Mr. R. E. Acton of Paris, Mr. M. R. Chapman of Buffalo, Mr. J. A. Chapman of Grahamsville, Ont., Mrs. Marcus Vanderberg of Welland, Mr. and Mrs. W. Roa of Ottawa, Mr. Bert Vainwright, Miss R. Newton of Toronto, Miss Clara K. Lay of Langford, U.S.A., Misses Walton of Toronto, Mr. James E. Young of Port Arthur, Mr. John W. Gage of Bartonville, Mr. and Mrs. J. Widdings of Brantford, Mr. H. B. Andrews of Toronto, Mr. Frank B. Brown of Great Falls, Mont., Rev. S. D. Chown, D.D., Mr. S. E. Bradshaw, Mr. S. B. Egan, Mr. George J. St. Leger of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. John Pool, Miss Pool of Glencoe, Mr. T. E. Davis of Toronto, Mr. E. E. Peacock, Mr. S. F. Lazier, K.C., Miss Lazier, Misses Ethel and Nellie Lazier.

Mr. Ernest Lazier of Hamilton, Rev. I. Tovell, D.D., Mrs. Tovell, Messrs. Norman W. and Harold Tovell of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Andrews have returned from the Saguenay. Mrs. Smithett, Mrs. Andrews' pretty little silver-haired mother, has been ill, but is, I hear, much better.

Schwab's New York Mansion.

ANDREW CARNEGIE'S splendid new residence on Upper Fifth avenue is to have a rival in the home soon to be erected on the West Side, for his protégé, Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel Corporation.

Plans for Mr. Schwab's city home have been completed, and it will cost about \$2,500,000 and stand on a plot for which Mr. Schwab paid \$865,000 about a year ago. House and site, therefore, will represent an investment of more than \$3,350,000.

Ever since the young president of the billion dollar steel trust bought the block bounded by Riverside drive, West End avenue, Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth streets there has been much speculation as to what he would do with it. One report was that he had bought the land merely as an investment. All doubt as to his purpose has now been set at rest and the bureau buildings have been consulted about the final for the mansion Mr. Schwab will build.

Following the example of Mr. Carnegie, the steel king will have a city residence with ample ground all about it. His new home will be 150x100 feet, and the house will stand in the center of the block. There will be a fine frontage on Riverside drive, overlooking the Hudson, and the grounds on each of the other sides will be laid out magnificently. The house will be four stories in height and is expected to be completed by Christmas next year. The New York Orphan Asylum, which has stood on the site for many years, is being demolished, and orders have been given that work for Mr. Schwab's mansion begin at once.

A Golden Lily.

"If I have been able to accomplish anything in my life," said a woman famous as one of the most kindly and lovable among leaders of the best American society, "it is due to the word spoken to me by my old teacher in the right season when I was a child." A newspaper prints the story of the teacher's lesson, as told by the pupil:

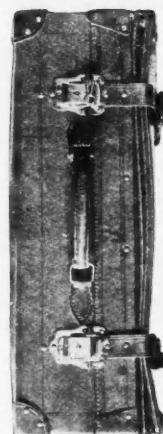
I was the only homely, awkward one in a class of exceptionally beautiful girls, and, being dull at my books, became the derision of the school. I fell into a morose, despairing state, gave up study, withdrew into myself and grew daily bitter and morose. One day the French teacher, a gray-haired old woman with keen eyes and a bright smile, found me crying.

"Qu'as-tu, ma fille?"—"What is the matter, my child?"—she asked.

"O madame, I am so ugly!" I sobbed out.

She soothed me, but did not contradict me. Presently she took me into her room, said, "I have a present for you," and handed me a scaly, coarse lump

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covered with earth. "It is round and brown as you. Ugly, did you say? Very well, we will call it by your name, then. It is you. Now you shall plant it and water it and give it sun for a week or two."

I planted it and watched it carefully. Green leaves came out first, and at length a golden Japanese lily, the first I had ever seen. Madame came to share my delight.

"Ah!" she said, significantly. "Who would believe so much beauty and fragrance were shut up in that ugly thing? But it took heart and grew into the sunlight!"

What a Man Says.

WE are only men, mere men, and perhaps our opinions are of no consequence; therefore it is with due modesty that I assert we do not like to hear slang from maiden lips. Both slang and swearing in any degree are most unprepossessing in a woman. The girl who shouts her "By Jove!" in the faces of young men is usually induced to change her note as soon as she is engaged. It is no small credit to her if she wins a man's love in spite of her repulsive methods of speech. It is strange that we should

feel such distaste at hearing girls use expressions we ourselves use so commonly. I can only account for it on the plea that we are eager to fancy that women are (as they ought to be) infinitely our superiors in refinement and delicacy. What do we mere men think of flirts? The girl who innocently exercises the gifts of magnetism which she finds she possesses over the other sex, and who innocently rejoices in her talents, is not a sinner. She may be unwise, even blamable, but she is not malicious. There are, however, flirts who seem to take pleasure in bending men on their knees before them and in dismissing them robbed of some of their self-respect. These are cold-hearted beauties, and to be shunned by men as if they were serpents. On the whole, I think it must be said that men do not like flirts. It is our business to woo, not to be wooed. Flirts seem to rob us of our prerogative, girls should, of course, be nicely dressed; but, that said, all that need be said by us on the subject is said. Extravagant girls suit few of us. We are tempted to look askance at girls who come out every week in a new bonnet—and a bonnet, moreover, "chic" enough to have cost something handsome. One more matter may be mentioned. It will surprise some of my readers that we should trouble ourselves about so small a detail. When I see a girl who treats little children and babies either with indifference or disdain, I mark her down at once as not quite the right sort of girl; and others of my sex are quick to notice the same thing and make the same estimate from it.

Peculiar Plants.

In the botanical garden at Washington is an odd plant called the "barber plant." It comes from the Orient, and is not used, as its name might imply, to help barbers, but rather to their detriment, since it is rubbed on the face to keep the beard from growing. It is not supposed to have any effect on a beard that is already rooted, but merely to act as a preventive, boys employing it to keep the hair from getting a start on their face. It is also employed by some Oriental people who desire to keep parts of their heads free from hair, as a matter of fashion.

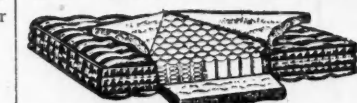
A curious-looking tree from the Isthmus of Panama bears a round red fruit as big as an apple, which has this remarkable faculty, that its juice, rubbed on tough beef or chicken, makes the meat tender by the chemical power it possesses to separate the flesh fibre.

A visitor is interested to observe in the botanical greenhouse three kinds of plants that have real consumption of the lungs—the leaves, of course, being the lungs of a plant. The disease is manifested by the turning of the leaves from green to white, the affection gradually spreading from one spot until, when a leaf is all white, it is just about to die. The gardeners try to perpetuate the disease for the sake of beauty and curiosity, all plants of those varieties that are too healthy being thrown away.

Wife—You do not speak to me as affectionately as you used to, George. I think you have ceased to love me.

Husband—There you are again! Ceased to love you! Why, I love you better than my life. Now shut up and let me read my paper.—Boston "Courier."

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The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Crocker—July 23, Toronto, Mrs. Roger S. Crocker, a son.
Brophy—July 20, Rosedale, Mrs. W. A. Brophy, a son.
Blinn—July 25, Toronto, Mrs. Geo. M. Blinn, a son.
White—July 26, Toronto, Mrs. J. Percival White, a daughter.
Skirrow—July 19, Prince Albert, N.W.T., Mrs. Fred L. Skirrow, a daughter.
Birch—July 27, Barrie, Mrs. Eustace G. Birch, a daughter.
Bennett—July 22, Kingston, Mrs. Wm. Russell Bennett, a son.
Middleton—July 23, Buckingham, Que., Mrs. Wm. E. Middleton, a daughter.

Marriages.

Stapells—Harvey—At Holy Trinity Church, Upper McGee, London, England, by Dean Potter, M.A., Richard Ambrose Stapells, eldest son of Mr. R. G. Stapells, Toronto, to Pauline Edwina, eldest daughter of Mr. W. C. Harvey, of the firm of Harvey and Van Norman, Toronto.
Buckley—Bennett—In Paris, on July 16th, at "Underhill," the residence of the bride's mother, by Very Rev. Father Keough, Vicar-General, assisted by Rev. Father Cleary, M.M., Muncie, eldest son of Mr. P. Buckley, to Laura Maude, fourth daughter of the late Mr. P. Bennett, Paris.
Bennett—Sinclair—July 23, Toronto Junction, Harry Bennett to Ethel Sinclair.
Hickey—Kee—July 23, Burnhamthorpe, Joseph M. Hickey to Mary Edna Kee.
Osborne—Thomas—July 22, Unionville, Rev. Alfred Osborne, D.D., to Louisa Isabella Thomas.
Rowlatt—Barton—Dundas, F. A. Rowlatt to Lena Barton.
Williams—Rhind—July 26, Toronto, Robert Williams to Helen Dunn Rhind.
Hudson—Gillies—July 23, Winnipeg, W. G. Hudson to Mary Edith Gillies.
Walker—Munro—July 23, Port Arthur, J. Seneca Walker to Sara M. Munro.
Gravlin—Mitchell—July 20, Toronto, Raymond B. Gravlin to Lillian Mitchell.

Deaths.

Lennox—July 24, Toronto, Mrs. W. J. Lennox.
Greenwood—July 24, Whitby, Mrs. Charles Greenwood, aged 56.
Shackleton—July 24, West Hill, James Shackleton, aged 64.
Purslow—July 24, Port Hope, Adam Purslow, M.A., LL.D., aged 80.
Hewgill—July 25, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Mrs. Mary L. C. Hewgill.
Lytle—July 25, Toronto, Mrs. Jane Lytle.
Barber—July 27, Toronto, Mrs. H. R. Barber, aged 59.
Davison—July 26, Toronto, Mrs. W. F. Davison.
King—July 24, North Wakefield, Que., W. F. King, aged 37.
Reid—July 27, Toronto, Norman Reid.

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Wellington—July 26, Toronto, Mrs. Sarah Shuter Wellington.
Dalton—July 27, Toronto, Harriet Dalton, aged 80.
Richardson—July 27, Toronto, Mrs. James Richardson.
McCalla—July 28, St. Catharines, John McCalla, aged 78.
Lumsden—July 13, Aberdeen, Scotland, John J. Foote Lumsden, B.C.S., aged 65.
Roy—July 28, Barrie, Norma Le Roy, aged 17 years 10 months.
Burton—July 28, Toronto, Laura Gwen Doline Burton, aged 13 months.
Graham—July 30, Galt, James Young Graham, aged 48.
Mishaw—July 30, Toronto, Mrs. Thomas B. Mishaw, aged 69.
Rogers—July 30, Toronto, Nell R. Rogers.
Murdoch—July 30, Bowmanville, Janet Murdoch, aged 81.

Fraser—July 26, Port Carling, John Fraser, aged 65.
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